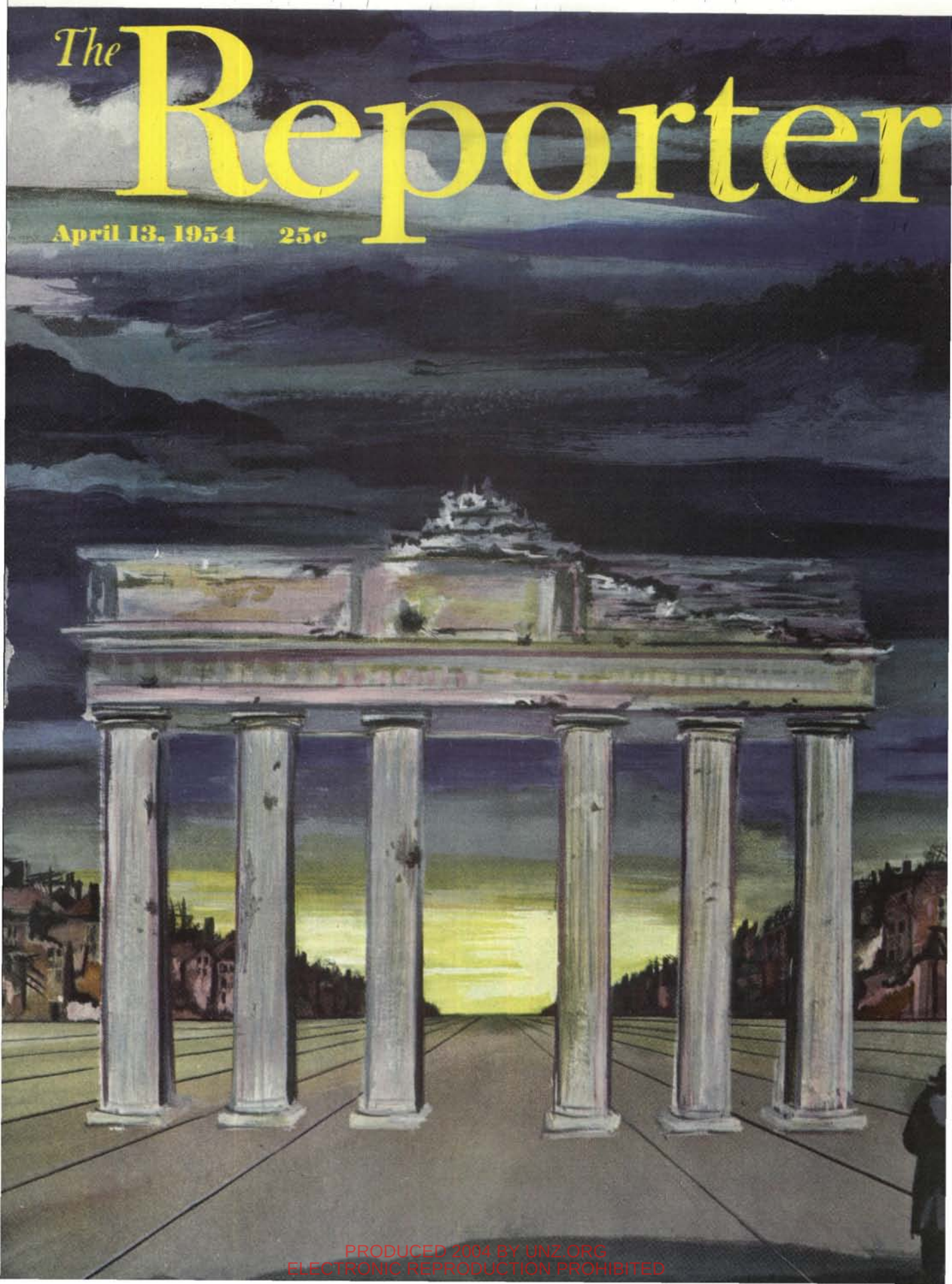
WHERE FASCISM AND COMMUNISM MEE

The Reporter

April 13, 1954 25c



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BY THE travel editor of The Christian Science Monitor: **Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its content. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.**

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the de-luxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The *rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard* passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares: for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

SERVICE AND MEALS RATED EXCELLENT

Service and meals on a freighter leave little to be desired. You will be treated with consideration. Stewards will go out of their way to make your voyage pleasant. On ships with East Indian stewards you will be waited on almost hand and foot, in a manner that is completely unknown to Americans and most Europeans.

Foreign ships offer their own specialties, says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafel (or King's Table), the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses, Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day, and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sports clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for $160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise for $240, or a leisurely three-month Mediterranean voyage.

The booklet is published by Harian Publications, Greenlawn, New York, and may be obtained by sending to the publisher. So, when it arrives all you need to do is sit down and take your choice. The booklet lists literally hundreds of ocean trips.

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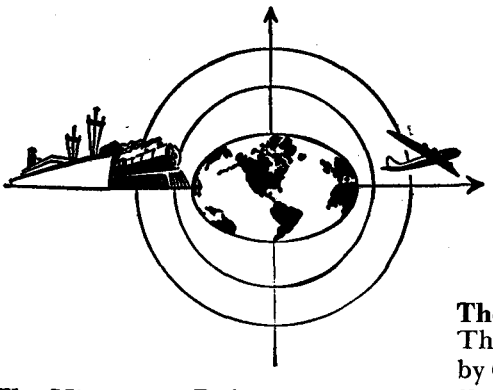

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Mixture as Before

We're about back where we started on the "New Look" in our defense strategy.

Ever since *before* Korea, when a famous National Security Council paper known as NSC 68 reversed the Louis Johnson cut-rate defense policy, the United States has been building up a coalition of forces that could deter aggression through either a threat of massive retaliation or the use of localized force, as the circumstances and our own interests might dictate. Behind this containing wall, we would help our allies and other non-Communist areas grow and prosper economically.

Mr. Dulles has now said:

¶"The free nations can achieve security only by a collective system of defense."

¶"The best way to deter aggression is to make the aggressor know in advance that he will suffer damage outweighing what he can hope to gain."

¶"There should be a capability for massive retaliation without delay," but "It is not our intention to turn every war into a general war." ". . . our program will retain a wide variety in the means and scope for responding to aggression."

¶The United States is "concerned with the economic health of other nations which help to support the basic strategy I describe."

So we have exactly what we have had: a coalition of diversified military power, a policy of flexible action of our own choosing. What *is* new is the beginning of an effort to change the allocation of money to the three services, giving more to the Air Force and thus reversing the mistake made last year in cutting back the Air Force build-up.

They Just Wouldn't Do

The disturbingly evasive role played by Civil Service Commissioner Philip Young in the matter of the 2,486 "housecleaned" Federal employees has not, we believe, been adequately publicized. Two of Mr. Young's recent remarks before a Senatorial committee are fairly indicative:

"Can't we just say that all these people didn't measure up?"

"The fact that they did resign indicates to my mind that the government is better off without them."

Too Much of a Good Thing?

It looks as though the voters of New Jersey and Kentucky will have a rare opportunity to vote for either of two excellent Senatorial candidates this fall. In New Jersey, former Representative Clifford P. Case has resigned as head of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic to run for the Senate as a Republican. Representative Charles R. Howell, a sensible and hard-working Democrat, will oppose him. The candidates are so obviously well qualified that all primary opposition has evaporated.

In Kentucky, Senator John Sherman Cooper, a Republican who was once a foreign-policy consultant to the State Department, may be opposed by "Veep" Alben Barkley.

You would think this embarrassment of riches would gladden the heart of Americans for Democratic Action. Instead, the A.D.A. is embarrassed.

Since it was founded as an anti-Communist liberal organization, the A.D.A. has been endorsing candidates in what it claims is a nonpartisan or bipartisan way. Mostly it anoints Democrats, but its leaders always say that this isn't because the candidates are Democrats, but because they are better men.

But in New Jersey and Kentucky the A.D.A. is in a terrible fix. Some members want to leap at the chance to endorse Republicans. Others say that even though Mr. Case and Sen-

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(For Army vs. Cohn-McCarthy case)

When you get the Senator on the stand, start quietly:
Ask routine questions in a routine tone,
Showing to all what a reasonable man you are.
Then casually pick up some notes or papers and (quietly) quote
Something the Senator said or wrote twenty years ago,
Something—now, out of the context of the time—unwise;
Follow with proof that he was a radical then,
Supported by Reds. If the Senator denies,
Call him names. Call him a traitor. Say he lies;
Tell him (now loudly) he's part of the old Republican gang
Of traitors. Tell him (now snarling) that he is not fit to sit
In the Senate. If he protests, if he starts to defend himself,
Cut him down, get him thrown from the room, then smile,
Wrapping an arm around a colleague, and pose
As the great rat killer.
You will see how the technique works. It has worked before,
For the Senator.

—SEC

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ator Cooper are fine, the important thing is to get a Democratic majority in the Senate.

President Eisenhower, on October 29, 1953, let it be known that "he favored the election of every Republican over every Democrat for every office anyplace." Even from the head of a political party, this seemed pretty bad. The A.D.A. should be careful about taking a similar position on the other side of the fence.

The Open Door

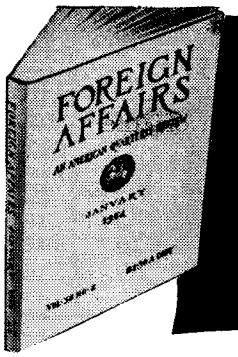
On August 7, 1953, the Congress of the United States approved the Refugee Relief Act, designed to bring to America over a three-year period 209,000 refugees and escapees from Communism. By the beginning of March, 1954, exactly seven refugees had been admitted.

Scott McLeod, the Administrator under the Act, seems to like neat, small numbers: "With economy and efficiency as the objectives only five persons have been added to the Assistant Administrator's office."

So the refugees are ahead, seven to five. Considering the obstacles they face, they ought to be pleased. Before they can get visas, specific jobs and housing must be assured them by American citizens, who furthermore must affirm that these jobs will not take employment from Americans. But even then, the report warns: "It is obvious that any change in the labor market in the United States, such as . . . a recession in commerce, industry or agriculture . . . could make it more difficult for immigrants seeking admission." There is another string to it: We require the countries these people come from to take them back if we ever get tired of them, even if they have become American citizens.

As the National Lutheran Council puts it, the Relief Act has turned out "quite contrary to what we had hoped for." It has also turned out quite contrary to the hope and pressing need of the remaining 208,993.

Of course those in charge of the program must bear in mind that these escapees from Communism may all be Communists. "We have to screen these people carefully," Mr. Robert C. Alexander, the operating head of the program, recently said to one of this magazine's reporters. "You know this program isn't popu-



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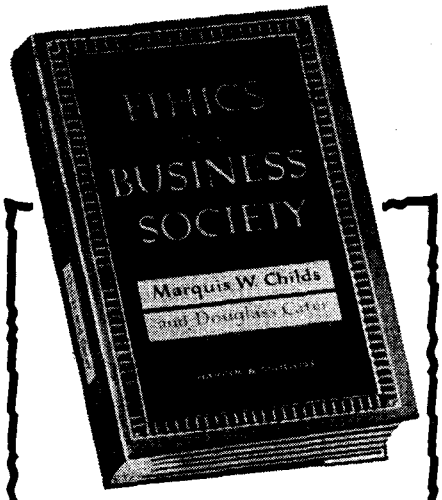

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lar in the United States—you can imagine what would happen if we made a single mistake."

The bureau has received less than fifteen thousand of the needed American affidavits, but this doesn't worry Mr. Alexander. He told our reporter, "That's the second phase of the program," and spoke of fifteen thousand visas by the end of June. "You mean," our reporter asked, "that you expect to bring in fifteen thousand people in the next three months?" "Oh dear no," said Mr. Alexander. "We hope to issue fifteen thousand visas. After that, you know, it takes more time to actually bring the people." "Don't worry, this program is going to roll—sooner or later."

THE WITCH-FINDER GENERAL

(From *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds*, by Charles Mackay, LL.D. First published in England in 1841.)

AMONG the ill-weeds which flourished amid the long dissensions of the [English] civil war, Matthew Hopkins, the witch-finder, stands eminent in his sphere. This vulgar fellow resided, in the year 1644, at the town of Manningtree, in Essex, and made himself very conspicuous in discovering the devil's marks upon several unhappy witches. . . . In the course of a very short time, whenever a witch was spoken of in Essex, Matthew Hopkins was sure to be present, aiding the judges with his knowledge of "such cattle," as he called them. As his reputation increased, he assumed the title of "Witch-finder General," and travelled through the counties of Norfolk, Essex, Huntingdon, and Sussex for the sole purpose of finding out witches. In one year he brought sixty poor creatures to the stake. The test he commonly adopted was that of swimming, so highly recommended by King James in his *Demonologie*. The hands and feet of the suspected persons were tied together crosswise, the thumb of the right hand to the toe of the left foot, and *vice versa*. They were then wrapped up in a large sheet or blanket, and laid upon their backs in a pond or river. If they sank, their friends and relatives had the poor consolation of knowing they were innocent; but there was an end of them: if they floated, which, when laid carefully on the water, was generally the case, there was also an end of them; for they were deemed guilty of witchcraft and burned accordingly.

Another test was to make them repeat the Lord's prayer and creed. It was affirmed that no witch could do so correctly. If she missed a word, or even pronounced one incoherently, which in her trepidation . . . was most probable . . . she was accounted guilty. . . .

Hopkins used to travel through his counties like a man of consideration, attended by his two assistants, always putting up at the chief inn of the place, and always at the cost of the authorities. For about three years he carried on this infamous trade, success making him so insolent and rapacious that high and low became his enemies. The Rev. Mr. Gaul, a clergyman of Houghton, in Huntingdonshire, wrote a pamphlet impugning his prentensions, and accusing him of being a common nuisance. . . .

It is consoling to think that this impostor perished in his own snare. Mr. Gaul's exposure and his own rapacity weakened his influence among the magistrates; and the populace, who began to find that not even the most virtuous and innocent were secure from his persecution, looked upon him with undisguised aversion. He was beset by a mob at a village in Suffolk, and accused of being himself a wizard. An old reproach was brought against him, that he had, by means of sorcery, cheated the devil out of a certain memorandum-book, in which he, Satan, had entered the names of all the witches in England. . . . In vain he denied his guilt. The populace longed to put him to his own test. He was speedily stripped, and his thumbs and toes tied together. He was then placed in a blanket, and cast into a pond. Some say that he floated, and that he was taken out, tried, and executed upon no other proof of his guilt. Others assert that he was drowned. This much is positive, that there was an end of him.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE RANDALL REPORT

To the Editor: I want to register a vigorous dissent to the article on the Randall Report by John Kenneth Galbraith in the March 2 issue of *The Reporter.*

In January, 1952, a report was published by the Public Advisory Board for Mutual Security, generally known as the "Bell Committee" from Dan Bell, its chairman, President of the American Security and Trust Company. This Report received general approval from what you might call the liberal trade group, but was unacceptable to the Administration because it was tagged (quite unjustifiably) as a Fair-Deal group.

Now many "liberals" have criticized the Randall Commission, when a comparison of these two reports shows that their recommendations are substantially identical. The Bell Report goes into a little more detail on tariff simplification, but the Randall Report gives more weight to tax incentives for foreign investments. The Randall Report proposed specific reductions. Two of these, which have received very little notice in the newspapers, would really let in some goods now mostly excluded. I refer to the proposed cut of excessive tariffs down to fifty per cent ad valorem, and the fifty per cent cut authorized for those items which are not now being imported.

The Bell Report proposes to remove the escape-clause and peril-point provisions of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. The Randall Commission proposes to make clear the supremacy of the national interest as interpreted by the President, without removing them, but proposes considerable lengthening of the life of the Act.

In fact, the Randall Report in this area represents an objective that is realistic in the light of Congressional opinion, but a very substantial step in the direction of an improved foreign policy.

Mr. Galbraith's attack on the Report shows only an insistence upon ignoring the practical situation on the Hill. Trade recommendations are the important ones, and on these to get all the Commission, except three of the six Republican Congressional members, is actually a triumph. No substantial concessions were made; Mr. Cola Parker, heretofore a spokesman for high tariff, seems to have had a change of heart, and thorough practical objectives are presented. If these objectives are not achieved, you can blame in a large part foolish attacks by those who should be wholeheartedly supporting the Report.

CHARLES P. TAFT
President
Committee for a
National Trade Policy
Cincinnati

Mr. Galbraith replies:

I am surprised at Mr. Taft. He is saying that the advocate of liberal trade should applaud, as realistic, any report which is reactionary enough to get the support of economic isolationists. From this point of view the Bell Report failed; the Randall Report, by concentrating on the highly dubious issue of tax concessions on foreign investment rather than the important but uncomfortable issue of effective tariff cuts (or preventing peril-point or escape-clause increases) was a success. But even by Mr. Taft's odd standards it was only a fifty per cent success. It won only three of the six Republicans, and Mr. Taft might also agree that the Committee Chairmen, neither of whom was appeased, should possibly count for more than two. I am not clear why he attaches such importance to the redemption of the protectionist soul of Mr. Cola Parker.

Mr. Taft's complaint against the misguided "liberals" who have been unkind to the Report must be taken to include the New York *Journal of Commerce,* the New York *Times,* Mr. Walter Lippmann, and such acute and interested foreign observers as the London *Economist* and the Toronto *Financial Post.* I suggest that his allegation that the friends of liberal trade are narrow-mindedly refusing to perceive the virtues of the Report is on a par with his concluding observation that these are the people "you can blame" if liberal trade goals are not achieved. As Mr. Taft should know and probably does, the people to be blamed if liberal trade goals are not achieved are the advocates of protection. There should be no confusion on this elementary point.

THE YOUNG VOTERS

To the Editor: Regarding William H. Hessler's contribution to the issue of March 16, 1954, "How Universal Can Suffrage Get?": Feeling and argument concerning the Hamiltonian concept of a limited, intellectual electorate have been expressed at such great length—and depth—that only the briefest opinions need be given in rebuttal to this article.

First, any person who has a responsibility to his country has a right to the authority that suffrage affords.

Second, democracy gives the people the right to make their own mistakes. I should rather see our country make political progress (slow though it may be) according to the intelligence of the mass than in spite of the stupidity of the few.

Third, I'm willing to bet that if the results of any election were tabulated by divisions of the electorate among the intelligent, the moronic, the mature, and the immature, the proportion of votes in each category would coincide closely with the proportion of the total.

E. A. MIDDLEMAN
Beulah, Michigan

To the Editor: I was eighteen once . . . just three years ago.

Academically, I was considered better than average both in high school and in the university from which I expect to graduate in June. Now I shall be eligible to vote for the first time in the November election. Although I have had more than a nominal acquaintance with government and more than a passing interest in it, I am scared.

What do I know about the issues and the men?

Considering this, does the average eighteen-year-old know enough about the subject to cast a ballot?

If anything, I would suggest raising the standards. Democracy does not mean that the mass lowers itself to the standards of the lowest, but that we all try to raise ourselves to the highest. Should a man (or a group) be incapable of reaching this standard, he should be excluded from immediate participation. This is for the good of the nation and ultimately for his own personal good.

GRANT T. RICHARDSON
Chicago

TACT

To the Editor: Your correspondent Caroline Smith of London (issue of March 2) accuses a Bostonian hostess of tactlessness because she showed an English friend Bunker Hill "where the British were defeated." As a matter of fact the British won the battle (but we kept the hill). Some years later Lafayette's general, the Marquis de Chastellux, observed that it was lucky for the Americans that they had lost the battle, because, had they won, the British would have become convinced of their earnestness; as it was not too late for *pourparlers,* an "arrangement" might have been made, giving the colonists much (or all) they wanted, and we should have remained a British colony. As things turned out, the fighting kept on until we declared our independence and it was too late to negotiate a peace.

ROBERT WITHINGTON
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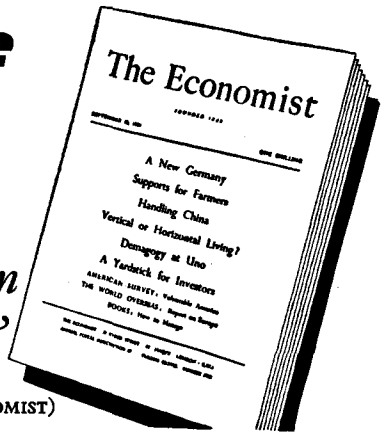

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE PREWAR collusion between Nazis and Communists is being re-established between Communists, neo-Nazis and neo-Fascists. **Edmond Taylor** and **Claire Sterling** bring firsthand information on what is going on in Germany and Italy. The German story is that of an underground—or gutter—alliance. The Italian story is more blatant. For some reason this sordid business has not been adequately reported in this country. But it has to be, if only because there is mounting evidence that this kind of collusion is not confined to Germany or Italy. As **Max Ascoli's** editorial points out, all forms of demagogy lead to Moscow. Edmond Taylor, former secretary of the Psychological Strategy Board and author of *Strategy by Terror* and *Richer by Asia,* has recently been traveling and writing in Europe. Claire Sterling, *Reporter* staff writer who has two articles in this issue, has just returned to Rome from a trip through North Africa.

Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** was present at the Colonel Schwable Court of Inquiry and reports that our armed forces can defend their standards and still hold fast to fairness and decency. **Richard P. Eckels** gives a close-up of the mass migration that brings hundreds of thousands of Mexican laborers across the border every year in search of work. Mr. Eckels has taught at various universities and was an Army historian during the war.

William Manchester, author of *City of Anger,* a reporter on the Baltimore *Sun,* looks over the small loan companies and finds that they are one of the soft spots in our economy.

Until his resignation a few months ago, **William Harlan Hale** directed the public-affairs division of our information services in Vienna.

Clyde Brion Davis became closely acquainted with the vanished breed of "brass pounders"—news-service telegraphers—during a long newspaper career as reporter, copy reader, sports editor, and news editor from Seattle to Albuquerque and from San Francisco to Buffalo. His most recent of sixteen books is *The Newcomer.*

Henry Steele Commager on Elmer Davis: One of our favorite reviewers reviews one of our favorite writers.

William Lee Miller, our contributor on theological and related matters, writes about a radio program.

Our cover by **Tack Shigaki** is of the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin.

WE ARE happy to announce that **Marya Mannes** has joined *The Reporter* as a staff writer.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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EDITORIAL — MAX ASCOLI

The Middle of the McCarthy Road

IN ONE RESPECT at least, McCarthy is an asset to the Eisenhower Administration: The ever-spreading awareness of the President's intraparty troubles is providing his policies with comparative immunity from too searching and pressing criticism. The McCarthy rampage has greatly increased the number of people who like Ike and wish him well. Even his opponent in the last campaign is deeply concerned with the President's leadership over his own party.

That is why the wisdom of the Administration's major pronouncements is usually questioned belatedly and gingerly. After Secretary Dulles's speech of January 12, it has taken many weeks and much prodding from our worried Allies before people felt free to ask what instant massive retaliation may mean, and how compatible it may be with our Constitution and our alliances.

Other pronouncements are still waiting to be challenged, like the one that government service is a privilege and not a right, or that the future and potential, rather than the past and proven, misbehavior of public servants is a proper basis for their punishment. The general assumption seems to be: First things first; let's not join forces with those Republicans who are rocking the Administration boat. And so the "new team" goes on enjoying this protracted spell of special dispensation—courtesy of Joe McCarthy. We count ourselves among those who, whenever given a chance, indulge in overindulgence.

Recently, however, the No. 2 man of the Administration, Vice-President Richard Nixon, in his radio and television answer to Adlai Stevenson offered the nation such a performance as no one should be allowed to get away with. Such an uncandid disrespect for the people's intelligence cannot be justified by inclusion of a few words that might possibly be construed as a friendly rebuke to McCarthy.

On the evening of March 13, the Vice-President, in his folksy, plausible way, offered an up-to-date collection of all the commonplaces that the various factions of the Republican Party have been freely marketing throughout the country ever since the last Presidential election.

That digest of untruths and half-truths charged once again that the bipartisan foreign policy of the previous Administration had been a failure. We heard once more that the Communist aim is to "nibble us to death in little wars all over the world"—presumably through a sequence of Korea-type aggressions.

Yet the valor of our soldiers and those of our allies so discouraged the Communists that there have been no more Koreas. That was one of the hardest and most glorious wars our armies have ever had to fight, but for President Eisenhower's heir apparent it is still nothing but "Truman's war."

And so the speech rambled on in well-rehearsed informality, the Vice-President looking straight into the eyes of his listener across the table and addressing him with "well," "now," "I mean," and "don't you see?"As on another unforgettable occasion, Mr. Nixon's intimacy made many a listener feel uncomfortable. In this man-to-man chat, it is hard to say which of the smoothly delivered pack of misstatements was the most objectionable. But one of them we think must be challenged right now, for certainly it is the most dangerous.

'The Regained Offensive'

It is untrue that since the Republicans came into office "in not one area of the world have the Communists made a significant gain." During the last year, Communist influence has greatly increased in many countries and our own has waned. In two of the major European nations, France and Italy, the

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gains made by the Communist Party have been redoubtable.

These gains have not much to do with an increase in voting strength—although this has occurred in Italy. The Communist Party in the two countries, from the beginning of the Marshall Plan until approximately a year ago, had been fenced in, forced into the position of an alien body which derived legitimacy from democratic representative institutions but played no role in the conduct of government. Those who voted Communist had traded in their electoral certificates for first papers in an unborn "People's Democracy." As an actual political force, capable of playing the parliamentary game of politics, the Communist Party in France and Italy had been deactivated.

After Stalin's death, as we have pointed out on many occasions, the Kremlin party line shifted. Wherever there was a Communist Party of any consequence, the Comrades became the active allies of nationalism. They sought to keep every nation self-absorbed and unwilling to weave part of its sovereignty into supranational textures. The Comrades' efforts have been singularly helped by the fact that the United States, which used to be the master weaver, has lately, under Republican auspices, restricted its interest in supranationalism to its strictly military aspect.

Needless to say, Communism can once more take the offensive on the battlefield, and no matter what the look of our military posture, old or new, we must be ready for that eventuality. But we cannot be blind to a fact that, far from being a mere possibility, is taking place in our days under our own eyes: In many of the countries where there is still a free play of politics, the political power of Communism is rising.

Yet it is just at this time that the diplomatic and strategic thinking of our leaders has become entirely polarized on counteracting not the 1954 political advance but the 1950 military aggression. Our government has served notice on the Communists that we may not follow the course that was successful in 1950, and might prefer to inflict on them instant massive retaliation in places of our own choosing—unless we should decide after all to accept a few temporary setbacks.

The Communist Bulge

And indeed, we are suffering setbacks in France and Italy, where Communism has been politically reactivated, and its parliamentary leaders already are throwing their weight around, enjoying once more after such a long abstinence the thrill of casting their votes with a majority in occasional parliamentary balloting—for instance in electing the Speaker of the French Assembly. It is even conceivable that in these two countries majorities with Communist participation may bring into power Governments of a "popular- " or "national-front" type.

Actually the Communists' immediate aim in the two countries is to harass rather than control or formally run the Government. As in every country where directly or indirectly they can make their influence felt, they take no chances and have mobilized every anti-democratic, anti-American force—including anti-Communism of the Nazi or fascist variety.

What they want is to have every nation self-centered and entrapped in internal conflicts. Molotov proposed his own brand of pan-European defense community at Berlin, designed to safeguard all national sovereignties and all nationalisms irrespective of "social systems"—which includes obviously Franco Spain. If every nation rots away with its sacred sovereignty untouched, its people divided among themselves and fearful, then the men in the Kremlin will be satisfied. Sometimes Communism, at other times anti-Communism, can do the job for them. Over some anti-Communisms of the Fascist variety they have direct control, while other movements of a similar nature act spontaneously, by conditioned reflexes. All roads, so the Comrades think, lead to Moscow. To this extent they are right: All demagogues who debauch the institutions of representative government help Moscow.

Subversive Communism and subversive anti-Communism both aim at shaking the people's confidence in their past and present leaders, at spreading disloyalty to constituted authority, at organizing secret apparatuses among government employees. It is against this double danger both of extreme-Right and extreme-Left subversion that the peoples of the democracies must be alerted—including the people of the United States.

But from the personable, youthful Vice-President Americans received an entirely different warning. We were not told how to fight either type of subversion. We were given for the *n*th time the sing-song of Republican campaign oratory. We also saw that, at least in the opinion of the Administration's No. 2 man, the Republican middle of the road is just the middle of the McCarthy road.

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Germany: Where Fascism And Communism Meet

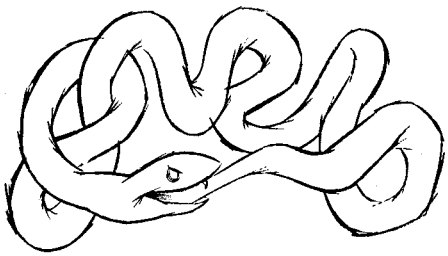
EDMOND TAYLOR

On the eve of the Republican National Convention in 1952, a Russian-language daily in Munich called *Nabat* suddenly blossomed into a special English edition to cast its vote for General of the Army Douglas MacArthur and to warn the Chicago delegates: COMMUNISM WILL BE BOSS IF EISENHOWER IS ELECTED PRESIDENT. The *Nabat* article was a strange mixture of the paper's usual anti-Communist invective and of covert Communist propaganda.

For example, *Nabat* stated that the Atlantic pact was a menace to the security of Europe, and that the Marshall Plan had undermined the European economies. It also "revealed" that General Eisenhower (whom it identified as a secret disciple of Henry Morgenthau) had ordered the systematic destruction of German cities after there was no longer any strategic justification for bombing them. "Thus we see," *Nabat* concluded, "that the activity of General Eisenhower was always pro-Communist in its aims as well as in its results."

Nabat is published by a right-wing splinter group of the Russian emigration called the St. George's Brotherhood, which is composed mainly of demoralized and politically disoriented former soldiers of General Vlasov's army of Russians who fought for Hitler. Like several other central and east European extremist groups—the tragic human debris of the Nazi puppet states or "liberation" armies that the tides of war washed up in Bavaria—the St. George's Brotherhood is believed by western security officials to be heavily infiltrated with secret Communist agents or sympathizers.

An equally startling line of thought—with a vicious anti-Semitic twist added—is reflected in a leaflet published in December, 1953, by a fascist group in New York State called the National Renaissance Party. Written—according to reliable anti-Nazi sources—in New York by a German-born professional conspirator resident in the United States, Frederick Charles F. Weiss, the leaflet attacks what it derides with quotation marks as our "Republican" Administration for allegedly trying to suppress the McCarthy and Jenner investigations. The leaflet also implies that Truman, Acheson, and Morgenthau should be executed for



neglect of duty in the Harry Dexter White case. Yet, assuming for some reason that the execution of Beria was an expression of Soviet anti-Semitism, the leaflet praises Soviet leadership for "killing Jews for treason to Russia" and goes on obliquely but unmistakably to develop the notion that we are faced with a showdown between Russians and Jews and that we've got to support the Russians.

Miss Utley in Germany

Without the lunatic-fringe anti-Semitism and at a higher level of political sophistication, a similar line of thinking was echoed in Germany last fall by a well-known American anti-Communist, Miss Freda Utley. In press interviews and in talks before small groups, Miss Utley, a gray-haired, rather schoolmarmish woman who has twice appeared as a friendly witness before the McCarthy Committee to air her suspicions about Reds in the State Department, warned the German people that the Eisenhower Administration was still full of Communists, and charged that High Commissioner James B. Conant was not qualified for his high post because he was responsible for making Harvard into "an intellectual stronghold of Communism." She also criticized Chancellor Konrad Adenauer in his own country for being too soft on the Saar issue, accused former U.S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy of having reinstated on his staff three-fourths of the "Red Morgenthau boys" fired by General Lucius Clay, and taunted the German press with being too intimidated by the U.S. State Department to print anything favorable about Senator McCarthy.

Responding to Miss Utley's pro-McCarthy crusade, a section of the German press finally did publish some articles favorable to him. The articles were picked up by the Paris newspaper *Le Monde* and provided new ammunition to opponents of the European army by suggesting to Frenchmen that Nazi-like sentiments were still flourishing in Germany. The opening gun in this significantly timed campaign was an editorial in a Westphalian political weekly named *Die Deutsche Zukunft,* which warmly praised Senator McCarthy and urged the adoption of his investigatory methods in West Germany. Specifically, it called for a "clean-up" of "Communists" allegedly installed in key positions in the West German press and radio by the American occupation authorities since 1945 and declared that the situation was grave enough to justify a personal appear-

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ance in Germany by the junior Senator from Wisconsin. The editorial was entitled THE REDS ARE AMONG US.

As it happens, the man who controls the editorial policy of *Die Zukunft* is Dr. Ernst Achenbach, a prosperous Essen lawyer and important conservative politician who is one of Miss Utley's friends. He is best known, however, as a member of a group of neo-Nazi conspirators in Germany who in turn have multiple links with the Communists—and with Weiss.

The Infiltrated Witches

At first glance all this creates the impression of a topsy-turvy world in which Right becomes Left, enemies are friends, and patriotism is treason. The impression is not wholly unjustified, but it needs qualification. The plot is somewhat one-sided, and the various samples of disguised Communist propaganda which have been cited illustrate varying degrees of right-wing involvement in it: professional Communist agent, fellow-traveling ally, cautious co-belligerent, and completely unwitting dupe.

Miss Utley typifies the last category. There is no reason to suspect that she is anything except the sincere anti-Communist she claims to be, but some of the friends from whom she gets ideas and information are not what she thinks they are. Like many other witch hunters, especially the amateur ones, she fails to take account of the increasingly active and successful attempts of the witches to filter in among the hunters.

Easy Prey

Communist infiltration and manipulation of anti-Communist right-wing circles is today a demonstrable fact throughout much of the western world. It is most striking in West Germany, where the weakness of the legal Communist Party forces the Kremlin to rely primarily upon conspiratorial methods, and where the postwar demoralization of the surviving Nazi fanatics makes them the easy prey of Communist underground agitators. One of the best case studies of this phenomenon is an affair that deeply involves Miss Utley's friend, Dr. Ernst Achenbach, the instigator of the pro-McCarthy articles in *Die Deutsche Zukunft.*

The Achenbach-Naumann Conspiracy

Dr. Achenbach, who has been married since 1937 to the former Margaret Emily Goodell of Duluth, Minnesota, was the first important German politician publicly to hoist the banner of McCarthyism in the Federal Republic. Now forty-five, the son of a schoolmaster, he rose by his own efforts to become one of the leading corporation lawyers in Germany and has numerous high-level social and business contacts, including some in the United States. He has a channel through Miss Utley to prominent American anti-Communists, including Senator Joseph McCarthy.

Achenbach is also one of the top party bosses in the Ruhr of the Free Democratic Party (F.D.P.) and the unofficial leader of a small clique of unrepentant Nazis who have slipped into that conservative and generally respectable organization. (The F.D.P. forms part of Dr. Adenauer's coalition Government.)

Until last summer Achenbach was the party's official adviser on foreign affairs. He was stripped of this position of trust—but was too strongly entrenched in the Ruhr to be thrown clean out of the F.D.P. by a party court because of his involvement with the Naumann Circle.

This informal band of conspirators is named after its leader, Dr. Werner Naumann, a man of forty-five with dark hair, sharp features, and flashing eyes who was a former collaborator of Goebbels and a major general in Himmler's SS. He was one of the last high Nazis to leave the Berlin bunker where Hitler committed suicide. Taken prisoner by the Soviet Army on the Elbe, Naumann claims to have escaped and to have lived under a false name in the Soviet Zone for a year, supporting himself as a bricklayer. He resembles his former boss, Goebbels, and imitates Goebbels's vehement, biting style of oratory.

Early last year Naumann and six

A PARTIAL CAST OF CHARACTERS

(Additional characters on page 15)

Dr. Ernst Achenbach, Ruhr corporation lawyer, a leader of the Free Democratic Party (F.D.P.); he is a close associate of

Dr. Werner Naumann, former Goebbels aide, who has ties with both Communists and neo-Nazis; arrested last year on charges of plotting to overthrow the West German government.

Frau Lea Lucht, widow of a high Nazi official, head of H. S. Lucht Company, of which Achenbach was legal adviser and Naumann export manager.

Alfred Franke-Griesch, leading neo-Nazi theoretician, close associate of Naumann and suspected Soviet agent who fled to the Soviet Zone in 1951.

Colonel Otto Skorzeny, scar-faced former Nazi paratrooper who rescued Mussolini, now Madrid representative of the business firm that Frau Lucht manages.

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Hitler's financial wizard, uncle by marriage of Skorzeny and business associate of the Lucht-Naumann firm.

Colonel Hans Ulrich Rudel, former Nazi Stuka pilot, neo-Nazi plotter, and close associate of Naumann, who now serves as a technical adviser to President Peron of Argentina.

Hugo Stinnes, wealthy Ruhr industrialist, client and friend of Achenbach.

Freda Utley, American lecturer and writer, who is a friend of Achenbach and self-appointed propagandist to Germany for Senator McCarthy.

Frederick C. F. Weiss, Yorkville anti-Semitic pamphleteer.

H. Keith Thompson, Jr., young New York job printer, registered agent in the United States for the Socialist Reich Party and former close associate of Weiss.

Edward A. Fleckenstein, Weehawken, N. J., lawyer, president of the Voters Alliance and disciple of Weiss.

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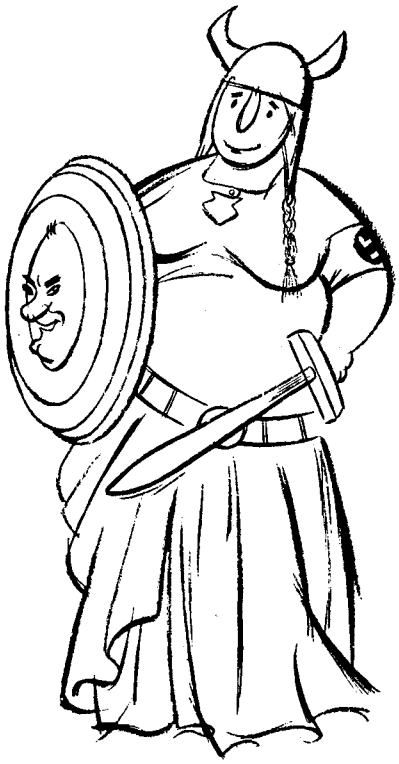
alleged accomplices were arrested in the British Zone on the charge of plotting to overthrow the democratic régime in Germany. According to the British and German authorities, Naumann planned as the first stage in his plot to get control of the F.D.P. and convert it into a camouflaged resurrection of the National Socialist Party by infiltrating it with crypto-Nazis. Notes found among Naumann's papers credit Achenbach with having suggested this scheme to him.

ONE OF THE MOST significant aspects of the case was the multiple links between the Naumann group and the Communists. Though Naumann claims in public to be violently anti-Communist—last summer he told a political rally in Hannover, "Without the Nazi revolution of 1933, Europe would have been bolshevized long ago"—Naumann himself once belonged to the inner circle of the Deutsche Brüderschaft, a neo-Nazi organization known to be heavily penetrated by the Communists, and he was an intimate friend of the Brüderschaft's leading theoretician, Alfred Franke-Griesch, who fled to the Soviet Zone in 1951. The explicit aim of the Naumann group was to establish a totalitarian West German Government oriented toward the Soviet Union. Chancellor Adenauer at a press conference in Bonn on March 31, 1953, revealed that besides receiving money from foreign Fascists, the group "was probably to some extent financed by the East as well."

The Lucht Company

According to Bonn officials, the Chancellor's guarded hint was based on quite definite evidence, the source of which cannot yet be revealed. To support it, however, they point to the known links between the Naumann circle and a group of former SS officers recently sentenced as Communist spies. They also point to a Düsseldorf export-import firm called the H. S. Lucht Company, of which Naumann was the export manager and Achenbach (until the scandal broke) the legal adviser. The owner and manager of this extraordinary enterprise is Frau Lea Lucht, the attractive and brilliant daughter of a Belgian general and the widow of a high-ranking official in Goebbels's Propaganda Ministry.

Frau Lucht has been a friend of Achenbach's since before the war in Paris, where Achenbach was serving in the German Embassy as



assistant to Otto Abetz. (Achenbach was also the No. 2 man in Abetz's office during the first years of the Nazi occupation.) She also has close personal as well as office ties with Naumann. Both Naumann and Frau Lucht live on the premises of the company's Düsseldorf headquarters, which consists of two small neat brick villas in a largely residential section of the clanging, smoky, bomb-ravaged Ruhr city. The villas are enclosed by a high wire fence, and over the entrance gate hangs a sign in big letters: THE DOG BITES.

Between them, Frau Lucht and Dr. Naumann developed the H. S. Lucht Company into an effective network of international political intelligence and intrigue, as the British and German police authorities discovered when they raided its offices last year following Naumann's arrest. Confiscated documents, including Naumann's diary, show that the firm's officers were exchanging information and political directives with important Nazi exiles in Argentina as well as with the surviving leaders of Belgian, British, and French fascism.

This mixture of politics with business has not hurt the Lucht company's finances—quite the contrary. It has made a great deal of money not only for itself but also for a number of German and foreign businesses connected with it. (One of these firms is known to engage in illegal trade with the Soviet Zone.) Thanks to the contacts of its Madrid manager, Colonel Otto Skorzeny, the rescuer of Mussolini, and thanks also to the help of Skorzeny's uncle by marriage, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Hitler's former financial wizard, the Lucht Company has obtained some fat cement contracts in Spain. The firm also has close commercial ties with an Argentine firm that conducts lucrative trade with the Soviet-bloc nations.

The Indispensable Middleman

Frau Lucht and Naumann make a colorful couple: adventurous, daring, resourceful, and faithful in their fashion to the political cause in which they have always believed. Achenbach, a less attractive figure, has at any rate managed to keep out of jail. When Naumann was arrested, Achenbach announced that he would undertake his defense, but withdrew from the case and ostensibly broke off relations with the Lucht firm after notes incriminating him were found among Naumann's papers. Achenbach has denied that he suggested to Naumann the scheme for infiltrating the F.D.P. with neo-Nazis. A new scandal which is now brewing in Germany may eventually reveal that Naumann first got the idea from another leader of the F.D.P.—a man not associated with Achenbach's faction—who has been named in some closed judicial hearings as actually being on the Communist payroll.

Achenbach, though not on any Communist payroll, was unquestionably a key figure in the Nazi-Communist conspiracy: He served as a middleman between neo-Nazi conspirators like Naumann—who, in the most charitable view, was a dupe of the Communists—and the more responsible right-wing German groups with real political and financial power. As the F.D.P.'s official adviser on foreign affairs, he was in a position to make Naumann's pro-Soviet views heard in high places. As a

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prominent corporation lawyer with the powerful Hugo Stinnes as one of his clients, Achenbach has been able to obtain from certain big Ruhr industrialists in the last few years campaign contributions to the F.D.P. totaling more than $300,000, which certainly served to strengthen the influence of his pro-Naumann clique in the party. Without middlemen of the Achenbach type to cast a cloak of respectability over it, German neo-Nazism would long since have withered away as a significant political movement, and the Communists would have had to look for other stooges.

After applying unsuccessfully for a visa to visit the United States in 1946, Achenbach, who was "denazified" as a minor offender after the war, was finally given a visa in 1949 to look after some American legal business of his client Stinnes. He obtained a visa again in 1950. On at least one of these trips his wife accompanied him, traveling on a United States passport which has since been withdrawn. Last August he applied again for a U.S. visa, saying that he had to have it within two weeks in order to meet his client Stinnes in New York. His application also declared that he wished to visit Texas on behalf of unnamed German clients. The U.S. Consulate in Düsseldorf forwarded the application to Washington with a recommendation that it be rejected, but as far as is known the case is still pending.

Mr. Weiss of Yorkville, U.S.A.

The Naumann circle—the seven indicted conspirators and a dozen or so close associates like Achenbach—is a small group, but it is the nexus of a world-wide fascist-Communist conspiracy. The threads of this conspiracy do not always become visible, as they have in Germany, in the fabric of major political parties. In the United States the conspiracy has so far established only a toehold in the anti-Semitic underworld. Yet the links are there; the channels of communication are open. Take, for instance a seemingly obscure Yorkville anti-Semite, the leaflet writer named Frederick Charles F. Weiss, who was mentioned at the beginning of this article.

At first glance, Weiss, now nearly seventy, a hawk-nosed, bull-necked former captain in the Kaiser's army who came to the United States between the two wars, appears to be half crackpot and half clown. Yet, according to the Bonn authorities, he is an important relay point in the international fascist network, which the Communists are everywhere encouraging and exploiting. He carries on an intense correspondence with prominent Nazi leaders like Naumann and Achenbach; General Heinz Guderian, Hitler's famous panzer tactician; Dr. August Haussleiter, an important neo-Nazi politician in Bavaria; and Hans Ulrich Rudel, a former Stuka pilot and intimate associate of Naumann who now divides his time between Germany and the Argentine, where he serves as a technical adviser to President Perón. Rudel, like his friend Naumann, has quite a few Soviet or Communist contacts. In fact, the Bonn authorities have evidence indicating that in one of the neo-Nazi German groups to which he belonged he was regarded as the group's chief liaison officer with Wehrmacht veterans working for the East German government. Following a similar pattern, Weiss is reliably reported to have his own Communist contacts in the United States, though

he is at the same time an ardent admirer of Senator McCarthy and works with some of the Senator's extreme right-wing followers.

Bonn security services have a considerable collection of his writings. They are printed by the Le Blanc Publishers, 208 East 86th Street, New York—a firm name that Weiss uses on his letterhead along with the address of the farm he owns near Middletown, New York—and they are usually mailed into Germany in plain envelopes, sometimes via Sweden.

A REPRESENTATIVE sample of Weiss's work is a political ditty composed by Weiss himself in January, 1952, and decorated with crude anti-Semitic symbols. It gloats over the American military "debacle" in Korea, declares that the American people are sweating with fear because they hear the cracks in the Atlantic Alliance, and warns the Germans that they will be used as cannon fodder against the Soviets. Recently, he has sharpened his propaganda line, as indicated at the beginning of this article, to suggest more and more explicitly that the Jews rather than the Communists are the real enemies of the United States.

American Jewish leaders, Weiss charges, are demanding German rearmament and supporting the European Defense Community because they know that the German divisions will go over to the Soviets and this will provide an excuse for obliterating Germany with H-bombs. Hence he not only opposes EDC but constantly warns his readers to beware of Jewish efforts to whip up anti-Soviet feeling in the United States. The Weiss pamphlet already cited quotes from one of his own earlier works as follows: "The Prague trials have gone off with an explosive roar to waken the European Fascist élite to active resistance against the death plans being hatched for European culture in Washington by American Jewry . . . an inevitable development of the Prague trials is the intensification of the American diplomatic offensive against Russia. . . . The press campaign will intensify both in America and Europe; Russia will appear morally blacker and blacker; the American armament drive will be accelerated; all potential Soviet agents will be liquidated. . . . Russia will naturally retaliate."

These ravings do not represent the private delusions of a disordered mind but the more organized insanity of Soviet psychological-warfare

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strategists, who apparently still think that the Molotov-Ribbentrop agreement of August, 1939, and the underground collaboration between Nazis and Communists which stemmed from it for the next eighteen months were brilliant strokes of Stalinist diplomacy. Weiss's arguments closely follow the propaganda circulating among German extreme rightists, which Bonn authorities consider Communist-inspired. One of these is an elaborate new Protocols-of-Zion fake called "The Prophecy of Rabbi Rabinovich," purported to have been smuggled out of Hungary last year, but which experts on anti-Semitism believe was actually drafted in America by a notorious native anti-Semite who is closely associated with Weiss. In any event, it was first printed in the United States by the violently anti-Semitic *Common Sense,*

published by Conde McGinley, who corresponds occasionally with Weiss.

As his main propaganda outlet in the United States, Weiss uses the National Renaissance Party, a tiny Yorkville faction which is known to be penetrated by the Communists. One of his closest political disciples is a young lawyer from Weehawken, New Jersey, named Edward A. Fleckenstein, who is the president of the Voters Alliance, a rather pallid successor to the Nazi-tainted German-American Bund in Yorkville. At Weiss's instigation Fleckenstein visited Germany last summer to help the neo-Nazis in their campaign against the Adenauer Government, with the result that he was finally arrested by the Bonn authorities and shipped back to America by High Commissioner Conant.

A still stranger associate of Weiss's is a small, dark, intense-looking man who usually calls himself Ulick Varange (which is supposed to signify "Ireland-Russia") but who claims to have been born Francis Parker Yockey in Chicago in 1917. Varange, who has also used the name Frank Healy, is fairly prominent in the political demimonde of international fascism, particularly in England. A book of his published in London with the title *Imperium* outlined what he considers should be the master themes of fascist strategy: anti-Americanism, neutralism for Germany, and the avoidance of any anti-Soviet activity.

Until recently, one of Weiss's closest associates was H. Keith Thompson, Jr., a handsome six-foot-four New York job printer who is agent in the United States for a book called *Stuka Pilot* which was written by President Perón's technical adviser, Hans Ulrich Rudel. Rudel once enlisted Thompson's help—unsuccessfully—to get into the United States to sell the patent for what he claimed was an atomic submarine. Last August, Thompson, who once belonged to the left wing of the American Progressive Party, startled his neo-Nazi friends with a statement declining to run for Congress in the next election in New York's Eighteenth Congressional District on the ticket of the National Renaissance Party and endorsing the fellow-traveling former leader of the American Labor Party, Vito Marcantonio.

In 1952 Thompson registered with the State Department as the personal agent of Dr. Rudolph Aschenauer, a Bavarian publisher and former Nazi who in 1949 testified before a U.S. Senate subcommittee that he was in correspondence with Senator McCarthy about the Malmédy war-crimes trials. It will be remembered that Senator McCarthy intervened on behalf of German SS defendants who had been sentenced for the murder of American prisoners.

When Thompson registered with the State Department, he listed both Weiss and Ulick Varange (alias Frank Healy or Yockey) as associates.

At the same time that he registered as Aschenauer's agent, Thompson also registered—again listing Weiss as an associate—as the agent of the Socialist Reich Party, the neo-Nazi organization which three years ago looked as if it might prove a real threat to German democracy. (It has since been banned by the Bonn government.) Thompson's credentials from the S.R.P. were signed by Dr. Fritz Dorls, the party's vice-chairman, whom even his friends consider a little too pro-Communist.

The Sad Case of Dr. Dorls

Perhaps the most instructive example of what happens to a neo-Nazi leader who goes too far in collaborating with the Communists—and of how far you have to go in Germany before it is too far—is furnished by Dr. Fritz Dorls, a forty-four-year-old Westphalian Catholic who joined the Nazi Party in 1929. Dorls, who was the original national chairman of the S.R.P., the first strong neo-Nazi party to emerge from the welter of postwar rightist splinter groups, was responsible for bringing the notorious Nazi conspirator Major General Otto Remer into the party and making him its official leader. Remer, who first achieved prominence in 1944 by capturing some of those who had attempted to kill Hitler on July 20 of that year, was sentenced by a German court for criminal libel in 1952 but fled Germany while his case was being appealed and was last reported in Egypt.

In May, 1951, Dorls had a talk with an important Lower Saxony official of the West German Communist Party named Jungmann in which he assured the latter that the S.R.P. was not going to fight Communism but would rather function as a supplement to the Communist organizations in the Federal Republic. The conversation became public, creating a scandal that led to a split in the S.R.P. But even this did not chasten the incorrigible Dorls. Some months later after he had lost his

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seat in the Bundestag through the banning of the S.R.P. by the Federal Government, he sought out Heinz Renner, a former Communist member of the Bundestag, and suggested that the West German Communist Party should provide clandestine asy-

lum for key members of the S.R.P. and help them to continue publication of their party organ on an underground basis. The Communists refused and published the incident in their party press, thus once more plunging Dorls into hot water.

What finally forced Dorls's retirement from public life was the report that he had secretly visited the Soviet headquarters in Karlshorst, and the unpublished but well-authenticated fact that in 1951 he did have a clandestine meeting with officials of the East German National Front and with leaders of the East German Nazi groups controlled by the Communists.

As a result of all this, Dorls was suspended by an S.R.P. party court of honor in August, 1952. Last September the German weekly *Der Spiegel* reported that Dorls had been offered a comfortable job as second-in-command to Colonel Otto Skorzeny in the Madrid office of the Lucht-Naumann firm. He still plays something of a behind-the-scenes role as an elder statesman in these circles.

THE APPARENT vitality of the neo-Nazis in Germany is highly deceptive. It is actually their very weakness, as evidenced by last year's Bundestag elections, that makes them into stooges of Communism. They are constantly being forced to admit, with naïve surprise, that they have been penetrated by the Communists. To rid themselves of the politically unclean in their midst, they dissolve and reorganize under new names with bewildering frequency. Usually, though, the new organizations soon prove to be no cleaner than the old ones, and the purged members, as in the case of Dorls, are seldom cast completely into outer darkness. The ensuing disorganization and confusion enlarges the opportunities for Communist infiltration.

Informants of Cohn and Schine

During their brief stop in Munich last spring, Roy Cohn and David Schine, Senator McCarthy's youthful spy hunters, consulted two Germans who had been recommended to them as good sources on Communist infiltration of American organizations in Germany. One of the consultants was a refugee newspaperman from the Soviet Zone named Wolfgang Löhde, whom *The Reporter* last summer identified as the signer of an anti-western manifesto circulated by a known Communist-front organization in Munich. The other, as *The Reporter* also disclosed, was a Bavarian businessman and politician named Hermann Aumer who had been kicked out of his political party for taking bribes from an oil company to vote in the Federal Bundestag for some legislation raising the price of gasoline.

As for Aumer, who declares that he was commissioned by Cohn and Schine to check on the U.S.-licensed German press and to report any evidence of Communist leanings to Senator McCarthy's staff, it turns out that he too has been playing a very ambiguous role. While Aumer's application for membership in the Nazi Party was rejected in 1934 on grounds of non-Aryan ancestry, he was recompensed for his services to the National Socialist cause by appointment in 1942 as honorary vice-consul of Romania in Munich. Since the war he has kept up his contact with the violently anti-Semitic groups of the Bavarian radical Right, although he served for a while as custodian of Jewish property in Bavaria, a lucrative phase of his career that is now being intensively investigated by the fiscal and criminal authorities of the Bonn government. In May, 1952, Aumer was elected deputy chairman of a small ultranationalist organization called the Deutsche Staats Partei, of which General Jurgen von Manteuffel is secretary general.

Yet in 1946 Aumer was fired after brief employment with the Counter Intelligence Corps of the United States Army because of suspected Communist affiliations. Since then he has become a director of a well-known Communist-front organization in Munich, the East-West Working Group for East-West Trade, and

Dr. Fritz Dorls, first national chairman of the neo-Nazi Socialist Reich Party (S.R.P.), an eager collaborator with the Communists.
General Otto Remer, neo-Nazi leader who succeeded Dorls as head of the S.R.P. and later fled Germany to escape imprisonment.
Wolfgang Loehde and **Hermann Aumer,** rightists suspected of Communist affiliations who were used last spring as informants by Roy Cohn and David Schine.
Georg Wieber and **Georg Jost,** Communist undercover agents in West Germany who changed allegiance and exposed Red penetration of rightist neutralist groups.
Dr. Gustav Heinemann, Ruhr industrialist, former Minister of the Interior in Adenauer's Cabinet, and now a pro-Soviet neutralist leader.
Dr. Joseph Wirth, aged Chancellor of the Weimar Republic in 1921-1922, prominent Catholic politician and co-leader with Gustav Heinemann of the most neutralist coalition group.
Pastor Martin Niemoeller, famous submarine commander of the First World War, anti-Nazi clergyman under Hitler, and now an apologist for neutralism.
Wilhelm Jurzeck, a Hamburg neo-Nazi publisher who accepted subsidies from the Communists.

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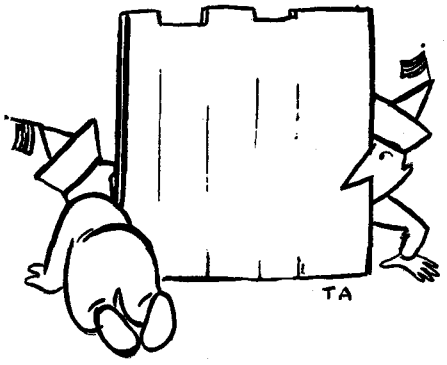
a member of a "peace" organization that is known to have been infiltrated by the Communists.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that although Löhde and Aumer were interviewed separately, both men made to Senator McCarthy's youthful sleuths essentially the same unfounded charges of massive Communist infiltration of Radio Free Europe in Munich, one of the free world's hardest-hitting anti-Communist propaganda organs. Its effectiveness depends largely on the harmonious co-operation of ex-



iles representing different national groups and political factions. Communist agitators have repeatedly tried to sabotage it by stirring up old suspicions or controversies.

A secret 1951 Moscow directive to undercover agents in the Munich area says in part:

". . . note all controversies among émigrés. . . . It is especially important to deepen such rifts everywhere, and to make any activity leading to the consolidation of émigré organizations impossible."

The "information" brought to Senator McCarthy's representatives by Aumer and Löhde was clearly calculated to achieve the aims of this directive. Löhde's charges in particular were so extravagant that a notoriously anti-American German weekly had already refused to print them.

AS THE DIRECTIVE in regard to émigré organizations illustrates, the Communists are primarily interested in fomenting bitter political controversy among all their enemies, and from Moscow's viewpoint it does not matter who calls whom what, so long as it is a fighting word. One of the reasons why the groups of the extreme Right are so useful to the Kremlin is that in their hatred of liberal, moderate, and even conservative policies and Governments, they tend to embroil everyone and to create general doubt not only as to who is a Communist but also as to who is an honest anti-Communist.

The Story of Georg Wieber

One of the most dangerous Communist conspiracies which has yet come to light in Germany included a few neo-Nazis but was directed primarily at more moderate and responsible German politicians of neutralist tendencies. This plot was partially engineered and then exposed by a sixty-six-year-old former labor official named Georg Wieber.

Wieber, who was converted to Communism in a Nazi concentration camp, was regarded by the Communists as one of their key underground workers in the Federal Republic up to last summer, when his confession was made public by the Bonn government shortly before the Bundestag elections. A colorful but minor phase of Wieber's confession dealt with his role in the launching of a neo-Nazi weekly in Hamburg modeled after the official Nazi *Völkischer Beobachter* and called the *Deutscher Beobachter*. The nominal founder of this paper was a former Hitler Youth leader named Wilhelm Jurzeck.

Wieber somehow persuaded Jurzeck to attend a Communist rally organized in east Berlin in November, 1950, to protest against West German rearmament. According to Wieber, Jurzeck's speech was written for him by the propaganda experts of the Communist National Front. Present also were such noted West German patriots as the famous pastor Martin Niemöller, whom Wieber has since described as a victim of Communist political blackmail involving a member of his family.

While in east Berlin, Jurzeck happened to mention that he was thinking of starting a paper in Hamburg along the lines of the old *Völkischer Beobachter*, and Wieber immediately put him in touch with the Communist Central Committee. "Without batting an eyelid," as Wieber puts it, the Communists handed Jurzeck the equivalent in West German currency of about nine thousand dollars, and promised him subsequent subsidies. Jurzeck then approached some ultranationalist businessmen in Hamburg and Düsseldorf who were interested in intensifying East-West trade and obtained a slightly larger contribution from them.

When the Hamburg *Deutscher Beobachter* faded out after a few months—blighted by Jurzeck's increasingly unsavory reputation—it was revived under different management, but with the same format, in Munich in September, 1952—again with co-operative East-West financing. The channel to the East was only too evident this time, for the paper was officially sponsored by a political party of such extreme National Bolshevik tendencies that both paper and party were banned by the authorities a few weeks after their existence became public.

The most sensational part of Wieber's confession was his revelation that the "neutralist" electoral coalition headed last summer by Dr. Joseph Wirth and Dr. Gustav Heinemann was really a Communist front. Yet Dr. Wirth is a former Chancellor of the Weimar Republic and a Cath-

olic politician who once had close contacts with the Vatican. Dr. Heinemann—unlike Wirth, he cannot be excused on the ground of senility—is the son of a Krupp director and, at least until the scandal broke, sat

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on the boards of several of the biggest Ruhr coal, steel, and power companies, besides being a former president of the Lutheran Evangelical Church Synod and a key figure on the international Moral Rearmament movement. Furthermore, he was Adenauer's Minister of the Interior, responsible for the internal security of the Federal Republic, until September 5, 1950, when he resigned on the ground that Adenauer was selling out Germany to the United States.

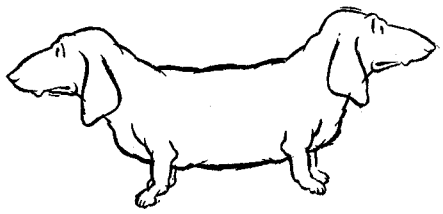
BLINDED by his hatred of Adenauer's pro-western "internationalism," Heinemann never bothered to ask where the money that was going to save the Fatherland was coming from. According to Wieber's confession—and to a corroborating admission by another ex-Communist named Georg Jost—it came from east Berlin by courier to the West German Communist Party, which then handed it over, in plainly labeled East German marks, to the financial agents of Heinemann's partner, Wirth, who apparently thought it came from heaven. After a while this arrangement began to seem too obvious, and so eventually the incriminating East German marks were converted into West German currency by various devious manipulations, including the sale of cigarettes.

'Internationale of Haters'

Both conservative and fascist leaders seem to think that they are merely forming a tactical alliance with the Communists, like that between Nazis and Communists against the western "pluto-democracies" from 1939 to 1941. But they are deceiving themselves.

When demoralized, disorganized, ideologically confused nationalist or fascist groups collaborate with a powerful, tightly organized world conspiracy like the Communist one, they do not become allies but only satellites or puppets. And eventually the political realists discover that they have lost control of their own groups and that they have been subtly led on to compromise themselves so deeply that they have no choice thereafter but to remain loyal vassals of the Kremlin.

Many but certainly not all western liberals and progressives have learned these lessons through bitter experience in the last twenty years, but these lessons are not yet gen-



erally understood by European fascists and by some of their conservative allies. The result is that the ultranationalist Right is wide open to Communist penetration. The Communists are exploiting this opportunity. Their over-all strategy now puts primary emphasis on splitting the democracies' system of alliances rather than upon fomenting social revolution or softening up the democracies for military attack. And so the Communists concentrate their operations on those groups in every country, whether on the Left or the Right, which are most strongly opposed to the theory and practice of democratic internationalism.

UTILIZING A thinly disguised transposition of the prewar Popular Front approach, the Kremlin is now developing, wherever it has a chance, an "internationale of haters" whose members foster subversion and treason in the name of superpatriotism and often conceal their own Communist connections by posing as the most extreme apostles of anti-Communism.

Italy: The Co-Operation Of Extreme Left and Far Right

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

THE COMMUNISTS here began to cultivate Fascists as early as 1943. Their initial success was based partly on fear—the widespread belief that Communists were coming to power—and partly on snob appeal. A number of intellectuals like Curzio Malaparte joined the Communist Party around that time. Publicly, of course, the party would have nothing to do with these "degenerate bourgeous dilettantes" back in those days, and it insisted that Malaparte's membership be kept secret.

Communist-Fascist relations started in earnest in 1947, when the Truman Doctrine was announced. They had a new spurt in 1949, when the Atlantic pact was signed, and flourished in 1951, when the West made plans for the European army.

It was in 1947 that Italian Fascism came to life again as the M.S.I. (Movimento Sociale Italiano). The Missini, as they were called, were mostly of the Republic of Salò, that last-gasp puppet government Mussolini set up in the north in 1943 after he was freed by Colonel Otto Skorzeny in a daring German glider raid from the Apennine ski resort where the Badoglio Government was holding him captive.

The men of Salò and their converts formed a political party, which got two per cent of the votes in the 1948 election and nearly six per cent in the election of 1953.

Inside the M.S.I.

From the beginning the M.S.I. included two distinct groups. One was made up of old and cynical men, interested in the economic benefits of Mussolini's "corporative state" and the patronage of big landowners and industrialists. These men opposed —and oppose—the Communists in internal affairs on economic grounds. But the foreign policy of many of them followed a line parallel to that of the Communists, based on antagonism to Britain and America and therefore to the Atlantic Alliance. Moreover, they have particularly tried to cultivate not the working class but the middle class, and therefore have been competing for votes with the Christian Democrats rather

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than with the Communists. This enmity toward the Christian Democrats has endeared them to and brought them tempting offers from the extreme Left.

The second M.S.I. group consisted of young "superpatriots," most of whom had fought for the Republic of Salò. Members of this group are noted for their nationalist hysterics, and since they regard their country's defeat in the war as the worst catastrophe in Italian history, they naturally loathe Britain and the United States.

THE COMMUNISTS went to work on the second group first. In the spring of 1947, Giancarlo Pajetta, the Communist Party's director of agitprop, opened negotiations with several Salò veterans: Concetto Pettinato, director of the main Fascist newspaper in the Salò period; Giorgio Pini, Vice-Minister of the Interior in the Salò "government"; Admiral Ferruccio Ferrini, its Vice-Minister of the Navy; Lando Dell'Amico, decorated by Field Marshal Kesselring for his bravery at Anzio; and Stanis Ruinas, an active newspaperman under the Salò régime. Most of them were founding members of M.S.I., talked mystically of the "Somebody" they revered, and believed—as Pettinato once wrote in their newspaper—that Italy's time of revenge would come when "the two rivals, Russia and America, should liquidate each other."

Il Pensiero Nazionale

The first fruit of Pajetta's negotiations with this crowd was a new magazine called *Il Pensiero Nazionale* launched in May, 1947, directed by Stanis Ruinas, written by and for Salò Fascists, and financed by the Communist Party. Evidence of this exists in the form of letters from Pajetta, the Communist, to Ruinas. Its chief editor from 1949 to 1951 was Dell'Amico, who has since revealed that he was a Communist Party member at the time. He left it last spring and has been telling the inside story.

The magazine's stated aims are as follows:

¶To make it known that Fascism was not just a creature of the big industrialists but "had a large number of intelligent and exemplary men . . . who fought capitalism and the old caste."

¶To distinguish between those Fascists who were nabobs and those who were just poor devils.

¶To combat the tendency of "Communists, Socialists, ex-Fascists

of the Left, and revolutionaries of every kind to fight each other rather than the common enemy." The common enemy is then defined as the Center parties, particularly the Christian Democrats led by Alcide De Gasperi.

¶To encourage "collaboration between ex-Fascists and Communists" with the goal of "freeing Italy from the dictatorship of that class which submitted first to Austro-Papal forces, then to Germans, and now to Americans."

Il Pensiero Nazionale got a large readership among Salò veterans. One result was that between 1947 and 1952, four thousand af them joined the Communist Party. But Pajetta's main objective was to influence, not to weaken, the M.S.I. He discouraged Dell'Amico and others from professing full Communist faith, and sent several back into the M.S.I., and he didn't encourage others to show interest in the Communist dogma. Salò alumni like Pettinato and Pini remained the most extremist of M.S.I. leaders until last August, when they split away because M.S.I. had become too "reactionary" and too "pro-Atlantic and pro-American." Most of these are ripe for the Communists now, if the party wants them. Pettinato wrote a series of almost pleading letters, asking for understanding, which were published last August in *Avanti!,* the organ of the fellow-traveling left-wing Socialists.

Another of his colleagues, Giuliano De Marsanich, nephew of the neo-Fascist party's secretary, wrote a similar letter published in the Communist Party's magazine for young intellectuals, *Incontri,* in September. De Marsanich attacked M.S.I. for its "friendliness" to the Christian Democrats and to the West, and charged that it had wandered too far from the principles laid down by Mussolini in 1919 calling for "radical transformation of Italy's economic and social life."

'This Foreign Viceroy'

Starting in 1951, the Communists began a more open campaign among the Missini. This was part of the Cominform's world campaign against the European army; it was also the beginning of an entente that lasted through the 1953 elections and persists today.

In January, 1951, the Communist Youth Federation in Italy took the first step for a "peace" campaign. It issued a public appeal, on the occasion of General Eisenhower's visit, to "youth of all opinions, Communist, Socialist, Missini, Catholic, to unite in protest against this foreign general—this foreign viceroy selected to command our glorious armed forces—whose visit offends all youthful patriots . . . and the flag of our country."

In September, 1951, the Cominform's World Federation of Democratic Youth adopted the line of "patriotic fronts" officially at its Prague conference. Directly afterward, the Italian Communists set up "Patriotic Committees of Youth Against Foreign Occupation," controlled by the Partisans of Peace (and in turn by the Communist Party). They made Dell'Amico chairman—he was openly in the party then. These committees immediately began negotiations for "pacts of patriotic action" with youth sections of the M.S.I. in Milan, Turin, and Ferrara.

IN FEBRUARY, 1952, the Communists moved in on the older M.S.I. crowd. Pajetta negotiated an agreement with Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, who headed the National Federation of Republican Fighters—

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"Republican" meaning Mussolini's Republic of Salò. Graziani agreed to let "pacifist" cells operate in his fed-

eration, co-ordinated by former Admiral Ferrini—who by this time was an agent for the Partisans of Peace. In exchange, Pajetta showed considerable generosity to Graziani's federation. The arrangement lasted until June, 1952, when it became a public scandal, and Pajetta cut off funds. It is interesting that Graziani was made an honorary chairman of M.S.I. at the same time; apparently his behavior hadn't shocked Missini leaders too seriously.

Also in February, 1952, the Communist Party opened a public campaign for Missini collaboration in the coming administrative elections. One of its monthly bulletins said: "This campaign must be organized and directed to win Fascist youth, especially in the south, and to establish and strengthen ties with Missini workers in union agitation. . . . In our program, we must make it clear that, for the coming elections, our principal enemy is the Christian Democratic Party, and our principal objective to break its political monopoly." One result of this line was the formation of joint electoral lists —Communist Party with either M.S.I., the Monarchists, or both—in seventy-one southern municipalities.

Riots and Anti-Semitism

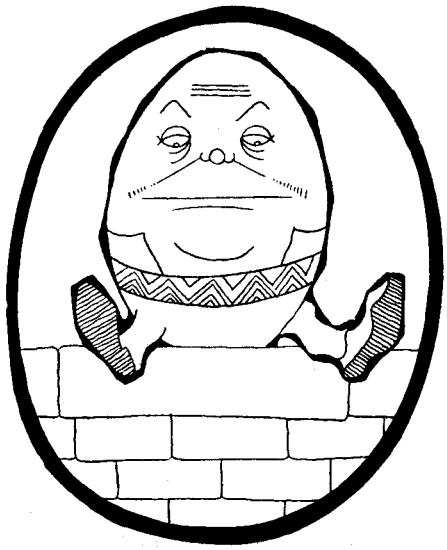
Again in February, 1952, the "Patriotic Committees" held conventions in Leghorn and Naples—which they called "Italy's Occupied Cities," referring to the concentration of American and NATO military installations there. These conventions were well attended by members of the M.S.I. At the Leghorn meeting the Communists nominated a young Missino as chairman, and he made a speech starting thus: "We, who were the first to fight America. . ." The general tone of the Naples meeting can be found in its final resolution, which, among other things, refers to the failure of Italian Governments over the past decade "to defend Italy's sacrosanct right to her colonies." Naturally, both conventions demanded the "end of American occupation" and rejection of the European army.

March, 1952, was the month of the big Trieste riots. These, like later ones, were sponsored officially by the M.S.I. with the amiable if informal assistance of the Communists. Late in March, the Communist Youth Federation sent a letter to Dell'Amico (as head of the Patriotic Committees), urging him to intensify activities among Missini because of the promise they had shown in these riots. "Where Communists took the lead in these demonstrations," said the letter, "with clear slogans like 'Foreigners Out of Trieste' and 'Ami Go Home,' Missini students accepted their leadership without question, and not even the provocation of police agents could turn these demonstrations into anti-Communist affairs."

The Communists found an extra foreign-policy attraction in 1953. In February of that year, they assigned Dell'Amico to get in touch with the racist group around *Asso di Bastone,* one of the most extremist Fascist papers, and make overtures on the grounds of developing Soviet anti-Semitism. To buck Dell'Amico up for this work, he was shown a private memorandum from Paolo Robotti, of the Communist Party's "foreign desk," which pointed out that the party's prewar opposition to anti-Semitism had come before "the Zionist movement turned into what it is today, maintained and financed by the United States for its aggressive plans against the Soviet Union. Today, we know they're going arm in arm—bankers and Jews, cardinals and rabbis. . . . " It was then that Dell'Amico decided that he had had enough and refused this assignment. Shortly afterward he left the Communist Party.

Again in 1953, the Communists found a useful bridge to the Fascists in domestic politics. Premier De Gasperi had presented a new election law which enabled the center parties to get sixty-five per cent of the votes if they got more than fifty per cent of the popular vote (which they didn't, quite). As the rightist and leftist parties joined in opposing the proposal, they found they could work together in Parliament. The filibuster against the electoral law was sustained equally by the M.S.I. and the Monarchists on the one extreme and by the Communists and their left-wing Socialist allies on the other. Each bloc named a leader, and the two consulted constantly; the tactics in Parliament were identical on both sides.

NOW THAT the new Prime Minister, Mario Scelba, has reconstituted the four-party coalition of the Center on a platform of militant opposition to both extremes, a similar situation can again be expected in Parliament. For high on the agenda of Scelba's Cabinet is ratification of the European Defense Community. The M.S.I. and the Communists both voted against the North Atlantic Treaty to begin with. The Communists, with their eye on Russia's national interest, and the Fascists, with their addiction to absolute Italian sovereignty, will have no difficulty getting together to ambush the European army.



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The Court of Inquiry On Colonel Schwable

DOUGLASS CATER

SOMETHING akin to combat jitters cropped up at times during the otherwise orderly hearings conducted by the Marine Corps Court of Inquiry into Colonel Frank H. Schwable's "germ-warfare confession."

The Marines had been through a lot during the months prior to the convening of the Court of Inquiry on February 16. There had been an initial shocked reaction when, in March, 1953, a Communist broadcast from Korea carried Schwable's words, spoken without evidence of strain and in flawless English, describing "germ-warfare operations" of the First Marine Air Wing, whose Chief of Staff he had been until his capture the previous July. Of course, General Mark Clark had immediately repudiated Schwable's "confession," as well as that of his former co-pilot, Major Roy E. Bley, and had extended sympathy to the men "for having been used in this abominable way." Still it had riled the Marines to find one of their senior officers, the highest-ranking Marine to be captured, among the so-called confessors. Schwable was an Annapolis graduate decorated many times for bravery in air combat during the Second World War. Why had he confessed?

The Issues

It rankled even more last fall when the repatriated prisoners passed through Freedom Village and communicated to the press fantastic tales of hardship and feats of endurance. Schwable said nothing to the reporters at Freedom Village. At Inchon, just before sailing, he had talked to one who sent out a confused account to the effect that the colonel had "expected to be met by policemen and arrested as a traitor." On shipboard and again in response to an order from the Marine Commandant, Schwable prepared two lengthy statements, neither of which mentioned physical torture but spoke of "Degradation, humiliation, intimidations, mental poisoning, and physical, mental, moral and spiritual oppression . . ." Had their senior officer been a weakling? Colonel Paul D. Sherman, Schwable's chief counsel, explained to the Court of Inquiry: "He was condemned without a hearing, both at service cocktail hours and in the public press as the one officer who confessed without any physical punishment compared with that suffered by others who did not confess."

There was a well-circulated rumor, officially denied when it got into print, that the Commandant, General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., told Schwable that he had set back the Marine Corps at least fifty of its 178-year "Semper Fidelis" tradition. Certainly a number of Marine enthusiasts believed that no matter who said it, it was so. Shepherd moved quickly to announce the decoration of five Marine ex-prisoners of war, saying publicly that there would be no recommendation of any Marine about whom there was a "shadow of a doubt." At the same time he ordered a Court of Inquiry for Schwable and wrote to Senator Leverett Saltonstall, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, that it would be necessary to weigh two opposed considerations. One was military: "Approbation, or at least disregard, of all acts committed while a prisoner of war must inevitably be detrimental to the spirit and the morale of the military forces." The other was moral: "Shall there be recognition of the fact that each individual has a physical and physiological limit of endurance?"

'Decision'?

Elie Abel, a New York *Times* reporter, compared the mood of the hearings to the tense court-martial scene from *The Caine Mutiny*. There was, of course, the same procession of military men telling their experiences and of psychiatrists attempting to probe a man's behavior in a period of crisis. But the *Caine* drama revolved around a tight little ship's company in which the captain had lost touch with reality quite on his own. Schwable's was more like something out of Joseph Conrad—a terrifying story of a solitary individual, trapped and tormented by his Oriental captors, who sought to draw on his inner resources and found them wanting. Unlike the split-second decision of Conrad's hero Lord Jim when he appeared to play the coward, Frank Schwable had been brought to a decision after nearly five agonizing months.

As Schwable made clear in his court testimony, the very word "decision," which he had used in his earlier response to the Commandant, revealed the inadequacies of the English language. It had been no decision at all, but rather a crumbling of the will to the point where a choice between alternatives was no longer possible. The basic question confronting the court was General Shepherd's request for advice as to "whether the degree of physical, mental and psychological suffering experienced by Colonel Schwable was such as would reasonably constitute an excuse for acts of the type he is alleged to have committed."

Voices of Experience

Schwable's best defenders were the succession of ex-P.O.W.s who were called to testify in the court's effort to form some standards for measuring this unusual form of endurance. It is doubtful whether more compellingly honest men ever came before a judicial body. Frequently they commenced their testimony with all the clipped understatement of a military communiqué. ("They [the Communists] became antagonistic toward me for my attitude and I in turn be-

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came resentful of them.") But under the patient prodding of counsel and court, these witnesses began to stir deep and painful memories. Frequently one would choke back tears. The court would wait quietly until he was able to go on.

Responding readily to the questions of Sherman, witnesses took on more reasonable proportions, against which Schwable could be compared —and not unfavorably. Most of these men had endured the agonies of the damned, but for each there had been something to sustain their fortitude—sometimes only a slight difference in treatment from Schwable's. Two or three had received the physical blows that Schwable readily declared he had not; big, tough men, they testified that these blows only stiffened the spine and didn't hold nearly the terror of the mental inquisition. Another, apparently blessed with an ironclad stomach, had eaten the prison slop without even suffering the gnawing pain of diarrhea.

TO A MAN they had no contempt for Schwable's failure. Each had gone beyond the strict Navy Regulation about name, rank, and serial number; one had signed a "peace" appeal, others minor confessions. They told of their failures willingly for the court. They knew that as senior officer Schwable had been singled out for special treatment. When they had been told of his confession by their captors, there had been no chagrin. "None of us believed Colonel Schwable's confession," a young captain testified. "We joked about it a lot."

One after another, in unrehearsed testimony, touched on an aspect of Schwable's confession that seemingly hadn't occurred to his suspicious compatriots back home: that by mollifying the Communists with patently phony stories he was keeping more vital information secure. There was veiled resentment against those who presumed to judge him. A Marine major turned directly on the presiding officer. "Sir, I have nothing additional to say except that to persecute a man who has already been persecuted . . . would merely be to play into the Communists' hands."

Even Major General William Dean, who had endured more than three years of privation in solitary confinement, did not hesitate to bare his own inadequacy in an effort to provide better understanding of Schwable. He too had been interrogated, once for as long as sixty-eight hours. He too had given way on two occasions, signing letters which he regretted afterward. Evidently the letters had been of little value, for the Communists never made use of them in their propaganda campaign. In the courtroom, recounting his experiences in a dry, completely controlled manner, Dean revealed the amazing discipline of mind and spirit that had enabled him to survive.

Herblock in the Washington *Post*

"I'D HAVE SAID TO THOSE REDS, 'NOW, SEE HERE! . . .'"

Schwable's Testimony

It is possible that Schwable was not his own best defender. A slight, wiry man with the leathery look of the field officer, he had shaved the mustache that had given a slightly debonair quality to the first news photographs from Korea last autumn. Without it the face was thin and plain, lacking in distinction except for the dark, brooding eyes. Those eyes, which remained nervously alert throughout the four weeks of hearings, were more eloquent than his words.

Possibly at some earlier period in his long military career, Schwable had entertained artistic ambitions. Certainly his pencil sketch of the prison camp, Pak's Palace, which he brought to the courtroom, revealed an artist's flair. When called to the stand, he appeared to relish this opportunity to describe his experiences in all their details. The flow of words was so rapid and so continuous that one could scarcely keep pace. Sherman would ask, "How cold was it, Frank?" and Schwable would go on for fully twenty minutes describing the cold. It took ten minutes to cover the subject of diarrhea, another ten for the excruciating pains of the arthritic backache. The self-portrait that Schwable candidly sketched for the court was that of a highly sensitive man, not commonly associated with the career military type, and yet a man who could drive himself to incredible acts of heroism. Major General Clayton C. Jerome, long Schwable's commanding officer, had earlier told the court how Schwable once came to tears during the Second World War when he had been ordered to rest after prolonged flight duty.

This edginess could, under different circumstances, be a weakness. When subjected to the exquisite tortures of Communist imprisonment, an imagination such as Schwable's was bound to feel the more keenly the subtle pressures that his captors knew how to impose. The cunning of the Orient combined with the principles of Pavlov's psychology was worse than more traditional forms of torture. Schwable could testify of his North Korean interrogator: "He said, 'We are in no hurry. You can do this tomorrow, next week, or twenty years from now.' They really make you feel they are a patient race. You are going to do it before you are through."

For a man of Schwable's temperament, evidently much more than for one of Dean's, complete isolation from fellow Americans contributed severely to his problem. Sensing this, undoubtedly, the Chinese kept him from even the exchange of notes in the latrine, which was a common practice among the prisoners. Losing a sense of the community, he lost touch with reality. He was told he could die here and none would ever know it. Was it a weakness of the individual or of a service whose men are imbued with an extraordinary esprit de corps?

Schwable never feared imminent

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death or contemplated suicide as did many others, including Dean. But the constantly roving mind, driven to a frenzy of activity by the body's confinement in a three-by-seven-foot lean-to, surely conjured up prospects worse than death. There was a nagging bitterness: "One of the things that you think about—one of the basic problems that we are considering here today—is that rule about name, rank, and serial number. That looked good in the Geneva Convention and it had to be reflected in Navy Regulations. You say to yourself, that guy who wrote it was sitting behind a comfortable desk. Then you begin to wonder. Did those who wrote that regulation look at it from the point of view of its *possible* implications? Then you begin to think 'No they didn't.' You begin to condemn – maybe – some people. I don't know whether it's grasping for excuses. . . ."

But Schwable sought to make no false excuses to the court. In fact, he seemed determined not to be cleared under the stereotypes of traditional heroism. But he felt keenly the inability of words to get over his point. "I didn't undergo physical torture in the sense of brutality," he commented quietly. "Perhaps it would be better if I had, because people can understand physical torture better."

The Psychiatrists

Had this man reached his limits? There were some contradictions: the length and lucidity of his "confession" and the partially successful effort he had made to insert certain "clews" to alert the U.N. forces to what the Red propagandists were up to. Perhaps it was ridiculous to ask this question, for not even Schwable testifying more than a year later could be sure where his limits lay.

Certainly the experts were not very helpful. Those in the service who had interviewed Schwable directly after his release revealed more of their own inadequacy than anything about Schwable. There had been young First Lieutenant Martin R. Gluck, fresh out of school, who had been sent flying over to Korea for two weeks to make on returnees "a psychological analysis of personality characteristics." He had given Schwable some tests. In his testimony he found certain manifestations of guilt, though he didn't explain why, in the "heavy shadings" Schwable had made in a portrait he had sketched. Colonel Sherman made short work of young Gluck. Could it be that the shadings were intended to show that the suit was black, and it was indeed a tuxedo worn by a man who was obviously holding a cocktail glass? Could it be that, far from portraying guilt, Schwable had simply sketched the role he was eager to get home and assume? The unfortunate Gluck had to admit that this may have been so. His whole testimony seemed scarcely more relevant.

One of the Army psychiatrists, a lieutenant colonel, ticked off Schwable's symptoms as he would a grocery list: "some feelings of tension . . . anxiety with some feelings of apprehension . . . a mild degree of guilt . . . some feelings of insecurity and emotional instability."

A member of the court, Rear Admiral Thomas Cooper, himself a medical man, asked if guilt in psychiatric terms didn't mean merely the wrong choice of alternative decisions and not necessarily a feeling of an offense committed. The psychiatrist answered that this was true. Did Schwable know right from wrong? asked the court counsel. The psychiatrist said that he did at the time of the interview. Did he know right from wrong while he was a P.O.W.? The psychiatrist said that was more difficult to answer since it was impossible to hold a psychiatric interview during this period. There was an audible snort from the judges' bench.

But two outstanding civilian psychiatrists brought simplicity as well as understanding to their testimony. One of them, Dr. Joost A. M. Meerloo, had himself been a prisoner of the Nazis. It was he who had coined the word "menticide" to be added along with "genocide" to the vocabulary of modern totalitarian achievements. Meerloo described at some length how Soviet scientists have developed techniques for destruction of the personality. What gradually ensues for the victim is a "confusion neurosis . . . a feeling of unreality." Men often plead for the easier escape of physical death. "We never know when anyone will break down," Meerloo concluded. "But *will* he break down? The answer is 'Yes.'" "That includes anyone in this room, does it, doctor?" asked Schwable's civilian counsel. "It includes anyone in this room," replied Dr. Meerloo.

Sherman's Summation

While this psychiatrist made each man hesitate to be Schwable's judge, Colonel Sherman, a fighting bulldog of a man, was not content to leave it there. In his summation to the court he quickly dispensed with the legalities of the hearing. ". . . had this been a court martial and the defense had moved for a directed verdict . . . ," he announced with confidence, "such a motion would of compelling necessity have been granted."

Among other things, Schwable had not given information to the enemy; he had given *misinformation,* about which Navy Regulations are silent. In doing so he had kept from his captors secret data of which he was fully informed—data about future plans, tactical employment of new weapons, and even the strategic defense concepts of the United States. Schwable in his worst extremity had been able to make a choice that was in the best interests of the Marine Corps and the nation.

But what of the behavior of the Corps and the nation toward Schwable? Four days after his capture, a Defense Department press release had revealed to the enemy that he had been Air Chief of Staff as well as the senior Marine officer captured—facts which Schwable had successfully kept from them until then. When Schwable and his fellow "confessors" had been repatriated, there had been the hasty psychiatric handling, a total absence of policy guidance on how to deal with the press, and, finally, a lingering black suspicion both within and without the service directed toward these victims of an ordeal worse than battle. Sherman, a career officer himself, wasted no words in telling off the military for the treatment accorded these victims.

Perhaps, he suggested, our suspicions were symptomatic rather of an

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instability in ourselves. "Suppose one of the prisoners had signed a statement that we were using Greek fire, poisoned arrows, space helmets, or ray guns. What would have been the difference . . . ? Would we simply have shuddered and turned pale as we did about this germ business? . . . Haven't we continued to follow the conditioning implanted in us by the Communists . . . ? Are we beginning to believe it through the auto-suggestion of the Pavlovian technique?"

Sherman was demanding honor, not compassion, for his client. But the apparent hopelessness of his demand had already become evident a few days earlier when President Eisenhower at his weekly press conference spoke feelingly of the plight of Schwable and his fellow victims, then added that you couldn't take back such people and ask young America to follow them enthusiastically but on the other hand, you mustn't condemn them too severely.

IT MAY be some time before the Marine Commandant can weigh the recommendations that will be made to him in private by the Court of Inquiry. Perhaps for Colonel Schwable, now forty-four and afflicted with an arthritic condition of the lower spine, a discreet retirement may provide the easy out. But what of his young co-pilot, Major Roy Bley, and the others who still bear wounds on their minds and souls as well as their bodies? Or of those in the future who may fall victim to Pavlovian warfare in the struggle between the Communist world and the free? Sherman was demanding a verdict for them too.

Thirty-Six per Cent Interest —And 'No Que$tions Asked'

WILLIAM MANCHESTER

ALIAS Harry Spender is a typical small-loan broker, cheerful and shrewd, and supremely unaware that his business is the weakest brick in the American credit pyramid. He can't be blamed. His horizon is limited, and his loftiest ambition is to be known as a distinctive advertiser. Unfortunately, his only flair is for the obvious, and his latest slogan, the highly unoriginal NO QUE$TIONS ASKED, isn't even accurate. He is really a man of great professional curiosity, as the magnificent neon sign outside his office testifies.

NEED CASH? it brightly inquires of passing workingmen. The tubes cool a moment and then glow vividly. IT'S E-Z!, they report. After another pause to let the good news sink in, the firm name appears with a huge arrow pointing inside, where Harry's boys lean forward in generous attitudes, explaining to an awed clientele how E-Z it really is.

Occasionally one turns aside to answer a patron of the company's new Phone-a-Loan Service, but the rest stay busily put. The "service" is just bait. Harry insists that all loans be negotiated in person, or "Personalized," as he calls it, and in the car-hungry, television-happy industrial neighborhood where he flourishes there are plenty of applicants. Everybody wants Cash in a Hurry, Without Fuss, Without Bother, especially when it's Practically a Giveaway.

It isn't quite. There are no Federal brakes on small moneylenders, and the interest limit in Harry's state is three per cent per month on the unpaid balance, or thirty-six per cent annually. He is no Good Samaritan, and he admits it.

"I get by," he says modestly, glancing out at his illegally parked sports car. "What the hell, it's a business." But a spirit of pride is irrepressible. "It's an institution," he adds shyly. "America is built on credit, and we do our part."

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They do at least that. Last year eight thousand moneylenders in the thirty-six states with effective small-loan laws cheerfully peeled off $3 billion to ten million customers, at monthly rates ranging from two per cent in Massachusetts to three and a half in Arizona, New Mexico, and Florida. Since 1940 the number of small-loan brokers has increased seventy-two per cent nationally, and cash advances outstanding have risen 236 per cent. In Harry's state, licensed moneylenders have increased twenty per cent and loans thirty-six per cent in the last two years. The small-loan company, dynamic and brazen, is playing a bulking role in consumer credit. Harry's firm, a microcosm of the trade, was born in the free money market of 1946, ran fifteen months in the red, and is now a howling success.

Its howls, strident to the sensitive but effective in its milieu, mask a high precision. Harry is no shill, although in his fuzzy hat and camel's-hair topcoat he looks like one. He has an exact knowledge of brokerage. His ledgers show just where his three per cent profit goes—half to operational expenses and half to losses, taxes, and dividends—and his eleven agents, or YES MEN, as his handbills call them, are geared to a rigid formula, one for every 250 to 300 accounts. He can even tell you, after riffling his chubby fingers through files, how much time each devotes to interviews, to bad debts, and to soliciting business through cash-and-carry merchants. "I got no secret ingredient, like toothpaste," he says. "System is all I got, and take it from me, it works."

It does. Although 510 newcomers joined the already swollen national small-loan field last year, the business paid its bills, banked big profits,

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and gaily held out obese billfolds to growing lines of debtors. Because the moneylenders are borrowers themselves, their prosperity generates an infectious glow. Harry, for example, owes about $400,000 of his $600,000 capital to banks and rediscount firms and pays six per cent annually on it. His investors get seven per cent. Last year he himself netted roughly $36,000. He was satisfied with that, but thinking further he wishes he were permitted to take Federally insured deposits, like a bank.

"With a good ad campaign I could get six million easy," he says softly. "I'd be paying two per cent to depositors instead of six to banks, like now. It gets me, just thinking about it."

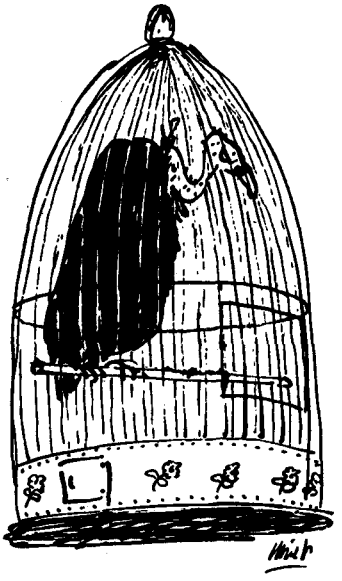
Deeply moved, he stares across his active office floor. Perched awkwardly by interviewers' desks are several typical loan applicants—a maid in slacks and hair scarf; a ship caulker in overalls, a booted member of a motorcycle club—people of the marginal labor class which most banks reject and which Harry has found to be fantastically honest. Working in a slum area, with three thousand loans inadequately secured, he nevertheless gets his money ninety-six per cent of the time, and the number of absconders is small. "It's a sort of art," he explains. "Sizing up risks is everything."

There is a little more. An applicant must fill out a form asking all sorts of que$tions, and before the loan goes through his answers are checked. His employer will be called, and if he looks doubtful, so will his neighborhood grocer. The local Retail Merchants Credit Bureau checks his record there for sixty cents. If he is married, his wife's signature is required, and a YES MAN goes with him to get it, explaining he is just saving him a trip. The real purpose is to look over the home. If he trips over empty liquor bottles or sees children barefoot in winter, he reluctantly says "No."

If not, and the wife signs, her husband is told to return for the loan papers. There is one more step. Harry likes some kind of security, chiefly as a morale booster. He takes automobile collateral when he can get it, which is about ten per cent of the time, and furniture seventy-three per cent. Cosigners are rare; most of the others give only their word. The rest really haven't given much more. Used furniture is almost worthless, and Harry doesn't bother to record most of his chattel mortgages anyhow. Under the law he can charge no extras, not even a recording fee. Besides, if the chattels were on file in City Hall, his competitors could pick up the names there and approach them with E-zer terms.

The Chronically Indebted

Harry's loans range from $25 to $300. The average is $187, to be paid off within a set period—usually twenty months, or whenever the client has a windfall. With the single condition that repayment dates may not be more than forty-five days apart, a customer sets his own pre-



mium schedule. Harry doesn't like to come due the same week as the landlord or finance company, so each loan is "Personalized." Banks do that too, and their routine for little loans is much the same as his.

But there are significant differences. Banks have teletype communication with the merchants' credit bureau, but they rarely call employers and never go into homes. They will take furniture and automobile security, but the furniture must be new, and the installment furniture dealer must guarantee to take his merchandise back if the borrower defaults. Their failure ratio, less than one-fifth of one per cent, is a reflection of a steadily employed clientele. Charges vary with the loan, and although they may include service charges and short-term life insurance, they are only a small fraction of the moneylender's. Most important, they are subtracted at the time of the loan, which Harry's cannot be. Nothing has been deducted when his client leaves, stuffing schedule, loan papers, and a fresh roll in his denim pocket. Everything is to be realized in the future, and the customer is told so, though "Sometimes they ask about interest and that's a hell of a thing to explain."

Most, however, take the system on faith. Apparently it suits them, because the majority of Harry's customers are repeaters. They work in a labor market known for Christmas bonanzas, and in trade argot they usually prepay their loans, retiring them, on the average, within seven months. But they usually negotiate another almost immediately, and not long ago all the moneylenders in Harry's city set up an intelligence exchange to prevent customers from overloading. They found that a disturbing number of clients had several loans outstanding with different firms.

The reasons for this chronic indebtedness are complex. Occasionally a borrower desperately needs the money, to consolidate bills or pay a doctor, but most of it goes for appliances, cars, dazzling living-room suites, and new gadgets. Perhaps the reason is that unskilled laborers, who are paid hourly, tend to live hourly. Planning, like interest, is abstract. They are highly vulnerable to seductive advertising, eager to believe distortions that make their whims seem sensible. The loan-to-loan serial meets a profound need, postponing reality. Disillusion, like Harry's payment schedule, is split up and arrives in pieces.

An instinctive awareness of this may account for the promptness with which his premiums are paid. Certainly his customers are far more reliable than credit experts anticipate. Most failures can be traced to unemployment, illness, or domestic trouble. If a debtor loses his job or falls sick, Harry takes a rain check. If he chose to get tough at such a time, community reaction would cripple his business. If a marriage breaks up, he swears and writes the whole thing off. Estranged

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couples, he has found, have a frustrating way of referring him to each other, and attempts at recovery are nearly always a waste of time.

He has a routine for those who forget him. Three days after the premium date, a reminder goes out. If it is unanswered, a YES MAN telephones and then makes a "Personalized" call. Deliberate defaulters are threatened with chattel foreclosure, civil judgment, or salary garnishment, if that is practical. The mere suggestion of a letter to the boss frequently works, for not many men want to be known as welshers, although actually most employers have a low opinion of moneylenders. The State Loan Commission frowns on foreclosures, but in a really flagrant case Harry will auction off an ancient sedan or a van of pine, just to show he can get tough.

"It happens once in a while," he says, a trifle bitterly, "so everybody calls me a loan shark."

Usury and Respectability

He isn't. Under regulation, usury cannot thrive as it does in the twelve non-law states and Washington, D. C. Harry cannot insist that clients invest in his firm, sell them credit insurance, or otherwise hide surcharges. If he gets too rough with delinquents he will lose his license; and high as his interest is, it can scarcely be compared with that charged in unregulated Texas, where the Dallas Better Business Bureau last year found rates as high as 1,131 per cent, with the average 271 per cent.

He can, indeed, claim that sometimes he saves people money. A man with a little ship coming in tides over better with him than with a bank, which takes its cut when the papers are signed. The borrower of $300 from a bank charging a so-called six per cent annually (actually more than eleven per cent, because monthly deductions in the debt are not taken into account) receives only $282 from the bank's loan department. If he should win the numbers game the next day and pay the whole thing off, he would be out $1.50 for a month's interest plus a charge for the service. But repayment at Harry's in one day would mean paying just one day's interest—about thirty cents.

A small loan may also be the best bet for a buyer of furniture on time. With Harry's advance he can shop in a cash store and save thirty per cent—$90 on a monster-screen TV set—over those who deal with merchants maintaining expensive credit departments. If he settles with Harry any time within eighteen months, he's ahead.

Petty moneylending is, indeed, becoming quite respectable, and the haughtier levels of consumer credit are giving it their attention. Building-and-loan associations are advancing cash for home improvements on terms much like Harry's, and even banks, by loosening credit, are dipping into his market. Not long ago one hoary bank lowered its standards to reach half his customers, picking its risks, and the only reason it hasn't succeeded in reaching nearly that many is that it can't compete with him without sacrificing dignity. Doric columns would lose an essential charm if hung with NATIONAL CITY'S KITTY'S YOURS or GET YOUR CA$H FROM CHA$E. The moneylender's best weapon is his impudence, and if he is more aggressive in the face of growing competition, he cannot be blamed. In Harry's words, all's fair, business is business, and the nation is built on credit. Ethically, we cannot condemn him without challenging the great dunning chain binding the economy.

The Chain's Weak Link

That is the real question that Harry's cash bazaar poses—whether it is time to examine a system in which no one owns a dollar and everyone pays interest on it. The sawbuck the maid gives the appliance salesman isn't, after all, hers; she got it from Harry. But it doesn't belong to him either, or to the bank. Presumably it is the depositor's. If the man who handed it to the bank teller happened to be a Superpix TV technician, then the cycle is complete; without the banker, the moneylender, and the maid, he would be drawing unemployment compensation. That is the theory of credit, and it is as sound as the dollar.

It is not the 1929 Bull Market, when brokers' loans stood at $7 billion, and more than a million people held stock on margin. That was speculation with a built-in time bomb, and this is the stimulant that makes America's mass market possible. Without the $23 billion of outstanding consumer credit—$16 billion of it in installment sales and loans—cash registers would stop registering and smokestacks smoking. Blessed or not, the borrow-and-buy tie has us all roped.

But chains do break, and Harry's clients seem a suspect link in this one. The pressure on them is immense. They are the most precariously and least gainfully employed members of society, but they pay the highest interest; a borrower with any real security at all—even a steady job—gets better terms than they do. Undeniably they are better off than the victims of poaching usurers, pawnbrokers, and the shabby lawyer around the factory corner with the dog-eared black book, and if they are exploited, so is every guileless installment buyer. The fiscal issue is not the economy's treatment of them. On the contrary. They are the trustees of a substantial public investment—$1,676,900,000 outstanding as of last December 31, the Federal Reserve Board reported—and in an emergency they would be the first to break. The unstable employment that sends them to Harry would vanish, forcing them, and then him, to default.

Tighter money and the employment dip have brought a faint omen. Marginal moneylenders with but $100,000 capitalization are hard pressed; rediscount houses cut advances to them by twenty-five per cent just as payrolls were cut, and they are squirming in a painful vise. Brokers like Harry, with thicker cushions, are unaffected, and there is no great suffering. But then there is no great crisis. If one came and the voucher flow slackened, the first place to look for trouble would be the small-loan business.

There are Federal safeguards, of course; the Superpix technician's bank account is insured. His job isn't, however. It can't be. Like the YES MAN'S and the teller's, it rests ultimately on the maid's. If she and enough like her are pitched onto the streets, the cycle will be thrown out of whack. Harry's sign is therefore worth watching. It is a kind of fuse. If it blows out and darkens, we are all in for trouble.

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Hungry Workers, Ripe Crops, And the Nonexistent Mexican Border

RICHARD P. ECKELS

LAST JULY District Attorney Don C. Bitler was brought up short by fiscal-year reports on the soaring crime rate in Imperial County, California. It was the worst in the state, roughly double the expected rate. Bitler checked with other county officials and found that the sheriff, the coroner, the welfare department, the health department, and the county hospital were also faced with steadily mounting work loads and expenses.

And yet, according to the latest official estimate, the population of Imperial County, "America's all-year garden," was 65,500, up only four per cent since 1950. The figures that startled the District Attorney could only be accounted for by a seasonal influx of illegal immigrants from Mexico. The county relief rolls carried more than two hundred children who had been deserted by Mexican fathers. Medical services to the immigrant laborers were costing the county hospital $25,000 a year. More than a third of the prisoners in the county jail were Mexicans. All told, the illegal temporary residents were costing the county at least $150,000 a year.

Edward Parker, head of the local office of the U.S. Border Patrol, assured Bitler that his men were catching the border jumpers at the rate of a thousand a day, sometimes eighteen hundred. But Parker had to admit that two or three times that number were getting through.

Bitler sent a telegram to the governor in Sacramento. The ranchers needed the manpower, of course, but one small border county was being put to extraordinary expense as the first line of defense against an alien invasion. Was there not some way the state or Federal government could reimburse Imperial County for its disproportionately high police, hospital, and welfare costs?

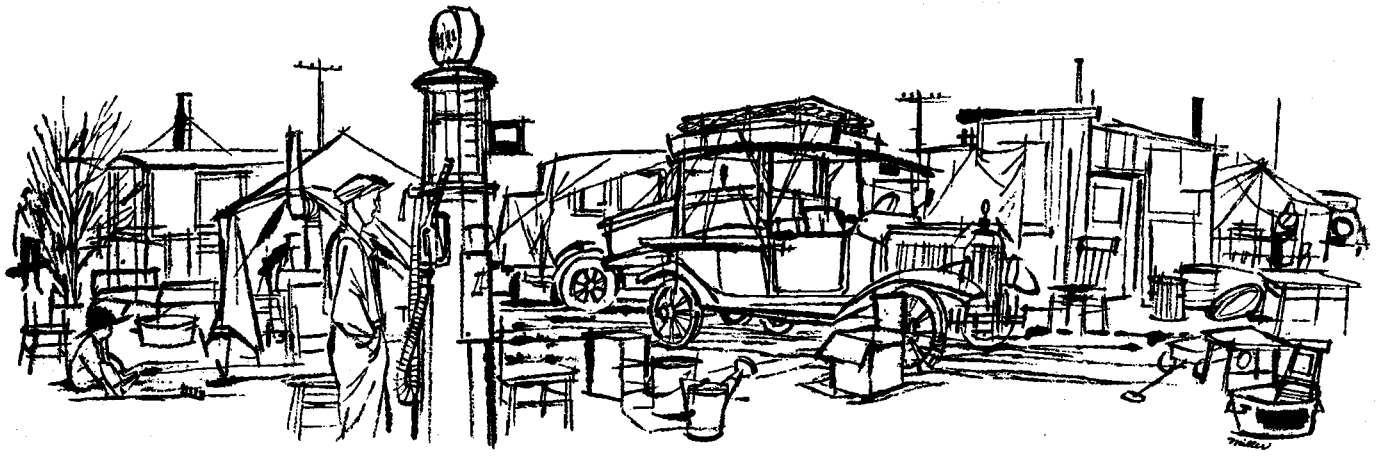
Governor Earl Warren, then not yet appointed Chief Justice, is said to have laid the problem before President Eisenhower at a White House luncheon. The President is reported to have asked Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., to look into the problem. Brownell flew to California for an on-the-spot survey.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL declared the situation "shocking," calling it the worst breakdown of law enforcement since Prohibition. According to some estimates, there might be two million illegal Mexican immigrants in hiding throughout the United States. At any rate, a pitifully undermanned Border Patrol had apprehended 389,000 of them in California alone in the past year.

No one could guess how many Communist agents, saboteurs, and international smugglers were infiltrating the country through the mesh of holes in the border, but it was plain that the border was no effective barrier against them. Perhaps the Attorney General reflected that a few trained saboteurs could do more damage than a hundred thousand impoverished peons, even though a third of them were suffering from contagious diseases like tuberculosis and syphilis.

The Attorney General's findings produced results. Border Patrolmen, their numbers temporarily augmented by men transferred from relatively inactive sectors, stepped up the rate of apprehensions in the border counties of California. But the new vigilance did not please everyone. There are two major reasons why the 1,549-mile Mexican border leaks. In the first place, there is so much of it. The second reason is that a politically powerful group of Southwestern ranchers, as dependent upon cheap Mexican labor as upon irrigation, campaign resolutely against having the border tightened by any means whatsoever. Ranchers, long accustomed to ordering their seasonal labor from a labor contractor by telephone, were dismayed to find their cotton unpicked, their tomatoes rotting on the vine, their celery unplanted.

The debate was on, and legislators soon found that there was no way of



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pleasing all their constituents. One Congressman was roundly scolded by his home-town newspaper for yielding to the ranchers' demands: The Banning, California, *Record* declared that Republican Representative John Phillips was "asking the authorities to ignore the law for a while until it becomes convenient to Southland farmers for the law to be enforced again."

Why Juan Fulano Leaves Home

The force that drives Mexicans northward across the border is an old and simple one. It is poverty. Mexico has less than one acre of arable land per capita (the United States has 2.57), and its agricultural practices are primitive and wasteful.

To make matters worse, slight improvements in sanitary conditions and a normally high birthrate have sent Mexico's population soaring in recent years. Six million people have been added in the past ten years. The annual increment is about three per cent, twice that in the United States.

What President Ruiz Cortines calls "Mexico's ancestral poverty" has been further intensified by years of drought. In many localities, even where irrigation facilities exist, the dams are nearly dry. In the state of Durango alone, forty per cent of the cattle perished last year: 379,200 head, worth $8.7 million locally. Some climatologists believe that the dry cycle will come to an end about 1960; others believe that a large part of Mexico will continue to be dry for the duration of this geological epoch. At any rate, no informed person expects improvement in the near future.

On top of all these troubles, Mexico has experienced a severe inflation recently. Prices rose twenty-five per cent in the first year of the Korean War. Mexico's economy has become so dependent upon that of the United States that eighty-one per cent of all Mexico's imports come from the United States and eighty-five per cent of its exports go to the United States. Mexico's minerals, cotton, and coffee help pay for American-made trucks, tractors, automobiles, petroleum products, drugs, canned goods, and clothing.

As every American tourist finds, the American price level follows the pavement into Mexico. As long as he keeps to the hard roads, he pays U.S. prices in motels, hotels, restaurants, and shops. The once-famous bargains still exist, but only forty miles beyond the pavement, and each year the bargain area

diminishes as the pavement advances.

So far as the official figures show, the American tourist is the principal source of dollar income to Mexico, roughly $200 million a year. The total amount sent back to Mexico by migrant workers is impossible to determine, but the amounts known to flow through approved channels suggest that the total could be even larger than the tourist revenue. Added, both sums approximate the entire national budget of Mexico. Thus even the export-import figures do not fully represent Mexico's actual dependence on the United States.

JUAN FULANO, the average peon, has one foot in each economy. Representing over sixty per cent of Mexico's population, he earns only twenty per cent of its income, and the gap is widening. If he can find work at all, he can earn fifty-five cents to a dollar a day. He grows his own corn and beans, the rains permitting, but everything he buys —shirt, pants, and shoes—carries contemporary Chicago prices. A pair of blue jeans costs him at least three days' work, a pair of field shoes six days' work.

And so the displaced peons, fleeing starvation, seeking work, stream northward out of the eastern Gulf states—Tamaulipas and Veracruz; out of central Mexico—Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, Guanajuato, and the Federal District around Mexico City; out of the western seaboard—Sonora, Sinaloa, Nayarit, Jalisco, Michoacan. They come from an area that extends two thousand miles deep into Mexican territory. On a single morning I found men, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-seven, from all these states working in a few cotton fields near El Centro, California.

The fugitives from poverty do not start out, as many people suppose, from the immediate vicinity of the border. Nor do they conform, ethnologically, to anyone's stereotype of what a Mexican peon looks like. Some, despite names like Manuel Garcia Ramirez, are blue-eyed, fair-skinned, and light-haired, and could pass for Scandinavians. The only evident common denominator is that they all speak Spanish and suffer from advanced malnutrition: On the average, they weigh about a hundred pounds.

Many of the workers I met told me that they had been lured north by reports of a boom in Mexico's newest state, Baja California, and that they had not originally intended to cross the border into the United States at all. In 1920 the population of Baja California was 20,000; today it is 280,000. Most of the increase has been the result of migration from impoverished areas in central Mexico.

Baja California's Mexicali Valley, the Mexican continuation of California's Imperial Valley, gets its water from the Colorado River. It grows cotton, alfalfa, flax, grains, citrus fruits, olives, and cattle. Jai alai, horse and dog racing, curio shops, and bars bring throngs of American tourists across the border for a quick look at Tijuana. The busiest port of entry on either the Canadian or Mexican border is little San Ysidro, fifteen miles south of San Diego.

But there is scant possibility of a Michoacan peon's being readily absorbed in the glittering artificiality of Tijuana, and hardly more in the agricultural economy of the Mexicali Valley. Flourishing as it is, Baja

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California can absorb only a small fraction of teeming Mexico's surplus millions.

And so the peons cross the border. Mexican laborers and farm hands have been doing it for years. During the First World War Mexican labor was utilized even in the steel mills of Pennsylvania; during the Second World War some two hundred thousand Mexicans were imported to assist with crops and to work on railroad section gangs.

What had been extremely informal arrangements were formalized under the Ellender Act of 1951. Recruiting centers were set up in inland Mexican cities, manned by teams of officials representing the U.S. Employment Service. Trainloads of screened men were taken to employment centers north of the border and there distributed according to an orderly plan.

Ranchers guaranteed prevailing wages, provided housing and meals at a uniform cost of $1.75 a day, and posted bonds to assure the repatriation of their temporary workers after periods of six weeks to six months. According to the *California Farmer,* it cost a rancher an average of fifty dollars to put a Mexican contract laborer to work.

Last year, 197,100 Mexican nationals were processed at a cost of $2,650,000. With Labor Department funds for recruiting contract laborers cut twenty-six per cent this year, the program has been curtailed. Of the 94,200 harvest workers accepted through July 31, 1953, California got some 32,000. But farm leaders insist that California needs at least 300,000 harvest hands and that Mexico is the only possible source of "stoop labor."

The word readily gets around Mexicali that even though there is only a boomlet there, unlimited numbers of *braceros* can be utilized over in the United States. In this situation, the legal niceties are ignored.

Across an Imaginary Line

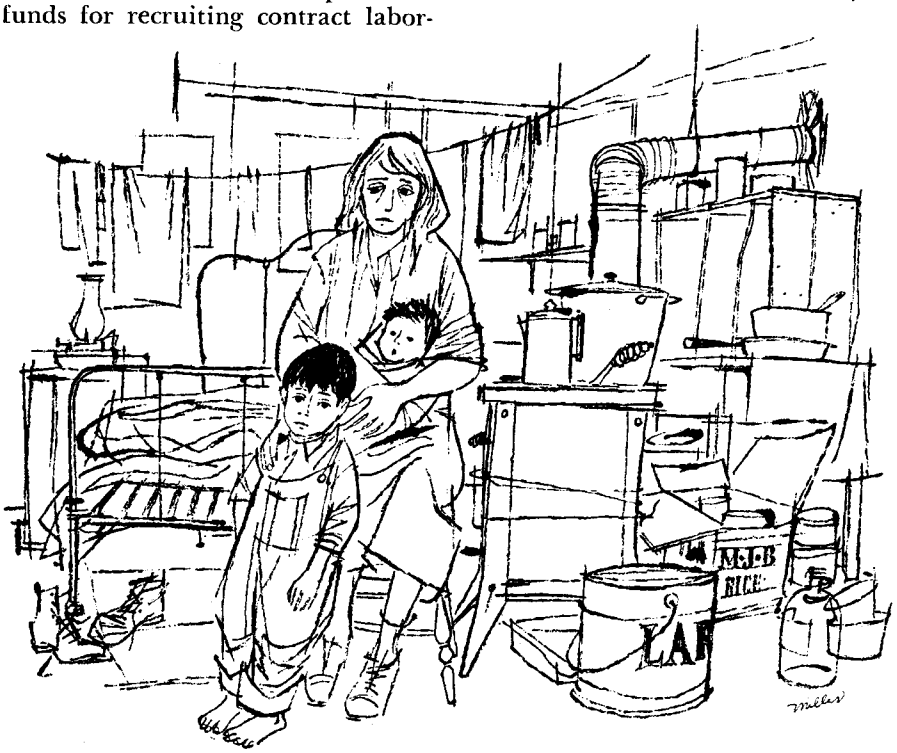
A prosperous, law-abiding American tourist, encumbered by car and heavy baggage, would cross the border at one of the fifteen official ports of entry. There he would encounter a minimum of red tape, and he might observe that the border is protected by a ten-foot wire fence. It is, but only in the immediate vicinity of the ports of entry. The Imperial-Mexicali Valley, for example, has six and a half miles of fence, but the remaining eighty-three and a half miles of the boundary is sheer imagination.

On the map the Rio Grande (Mexicans call it the Rio Bravo), which constitutes well over half of the international boundary, looks like an efficient frontier. True, at times it does reach to a man's shoulders, a circumstance which has enriched the American language with the term "wetback." All last summer, however, it was so shallow that a child could wade across, and in some places it had dried up to a garden-hose trickle. Texas has been having a drought too, and this year has not attracted many Mexicans across the dusty bed of the Rio Bravo.

Suppose you are Juan Fulano, stranded in Mexicali, two thousand miles from your Michoacan home, hungry and jobless. California beckons you over, through, or around the fence.

You will learn, for example, that for a dollar you can enter the United States through a privately owned hole that one of your compatriots has made with a blowtorch in the government's fence. Or for the same fee you can slide over on a mattress. If you are agile and athletic, you can perhaps vault the fence, and that makes you a respected *alumbristo,* a subject of almost as much respect as a toreador. Or you may just pile up a few cardboard cartons and orange crates and get over the fence that way.

More likely, being short of money and in no great hurry, you will simply amble along the fence for an hour to the place where it ends. Those pompous officials at the ports of entry are for the tourists.



You, Juan Fulano, have now emigrated to the United States. Before long someone will be along to ask you if you would like a job up in Fresno or Salinas, four hundred miles from the border. If you do, he will give you and eight or ten others a free ride in his truck. He keeps to the unpaved, dusty back roads. And some rancher up there will be so glad to have you working for him that he will pay the trucker maybe $35, maybe $75, maybe even $100 for each of you. And you can make maybe $6, maybe $10 a day working on the ranch.

Of course, you will not be treated like a member of the family. Indeed, you may have to sleep in an irrigation ditch or in a grove of eucalyptus trees. Somebody will be glad to sell you food. For maybe $4 a week you can eat well: canned juice, refried

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beans out of a can, jack mackerel, cinnamon rolls, and soda pop.

You Become a Cotton Picker

Maybe you don't want to travel so far so soon. You haven't eaten anything for four or five days, haven't smelled coffee for six days. You'd like to start working and eating right away.

Along comes a fat Mexican named Garcia. He calls himself a labor contractor. He has a job for about forty of you on the ranch of a Chinese a few miles up the road. Good pay, three cents a pound for picking cotton. Señor Garcia wears nice clothes and green glasses that reflect like a mirror. He eats well. You can tell that by looking at him.

Five years ago, he says, he decided to leave Nayarit. He was skinny then, only a hundred pounds like you, but in good trim; he jumped the fence. He couldn't do it now.

See those trucks. He owns them. $30,000 worth, all paid for. Somebody tells you he makes $500 a week, drives a new Cadillac. Like a general, like a movie star. Truly, you tell yourself, this is the land of opportunity.

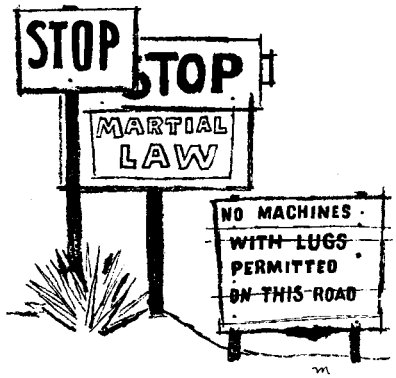
You work all morning in the broiling hot sun picking cotton, putting the little balls of fluff into your sack. When it is full, you take it to the scales and Señor Garcia himself weighs it. The little boy at the cash box pays you off—forty pounds: $1.20. Not bad for a hungry man. You'll do better, Señor Garcia says, when you have eaten something.

On a flatbed truck is his commissary. Later you'll buy some milk and a pack of cigarettes, but not now. Too expensive. You decide to take the cottonpicker's lunch: a tin plate of cold beans out of a can, three cold tortillas, a slice of bread, a bottle of iced pop. Fifty cents. You're not getting rich very fast, but you were so hungry. You'll do better, you tell yourself, this afternoon.

It is fortunate that you emptied your sack when you did, because right after that the government trucks arrived and four or five men with shiny gold badges and pistols on a belt got out and started yelling. They rounded up twenty-five of Señor Garcia's men and took them away. Back to Mexicali.

You and the others at the commissary were lucky. You dropped down in the cotton and they didn't see you. It's easy in cotton; it closes over you like water and, unless someone steps on you, you're safe.

Señor Garcia lets you all know when the government trucks have driven away. You go back to picking



cotton. He says you're probably safe for another month and meanwhile let's get this cotton picked. He drives off to El Centro or Calexico to pick up twenty or thirty more men to pick the rancher's cotton. You wonder what the proprietor looks like. But you never see him.

SATURDAY NIGHT you have more money than you ever saw before. You go into Westmorland with some of the fellows, get a bath and a haircut, and put on your new American work clothes. The storekeeper talks you into buying a pair of socks. You never owned a pair of socks before, but now you have money. Try anything once, even socks.

Over on Fifth Street are the *cantinas,* the bars. Bright colored lights everywhere, and good Mexican music. There are Mexican women there too. One of them tells you how she came up from Aguascalientes on a bus with her two children. She says if you have money, you can go across the street with her. You are somewhat shocked, a mother and all that, and while you are thinking it over, a whistle blows and someone turns out the lights.

It's the men with badges and guns again. A big one asks you, *"¿Papelos, muchacho?"* You reach toward the hip pocket of your stiff new blue jeans as if you expected to find some papers there, and when the man looks away you get out. The other people in the *cantina* and some from the other places in that block are loaded into the government trucks. Back to Mexicali. Too bad, just when you were getting acquainted. *Mala suerte,* you shrug. But you have a hunch that many of them will be back in the *cantina* next Saturday.

Who Else Is Coming In?

The men of the Border Patrol have no illusions about making clean sweeps; they concede that theirs is necessarily a sampling operation. Those they catch are the most desperately poor, the most recently arrived, the least ingenious of the Mexican invaders, and even in these categories many are the beneficiaries of the laws of chance.

At the peak of the annual migration, in July, two or three officers may be able to apprehend a fifth of the men they can see on a mile-long northbound freight, clustered on it like flies on a honey barrel.

The long, loud public agitation over the migrant laborers has tended to obscure the fact that other and more dangerous visitors may be coming through our leaking borders.

The Border Patrol says that it has found only a few foreign agents among the Mexican immigrants. But the officers concede that they would have a difficult time running down an alien who had enough money to look well nourished and even fairly well groomed, who could provide himself with spurious documents, buy a ticket to a point a few hundred miles inland, and who had friends to shelter him when he arrived there.

No one knows how much livestock is being stolen or smuggled from ranches in northern Mexico and driven across the Rio Grande. During the past year, leaders of only two cattle-smuggling plots have been convicted. American stockmen are still nervous about foot-and-mouth disease even though the most recent outbreak was some nine hundred miles from the border. With tick-infested cattle and with horses suffering from a venereal disease called dourine roaming across the line, the Bureau of Animal Industry plans to resume its own patrol with airplanes, jeeps, and mounted riders.

Counterfeit bills in twenty- and fifty-dollar denominations that have turned up recently in Southern California have been traced to Mexico. A twenty-two-year-old Mexican with a Greek surname carrying

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$2,650 in counterfeit fifty-dollar bills fell under suspicion chiefly because he was driving a glittering new sedan of an expensive make. Suppose he had been clever enough to hike across the unfenced desert?

Each month about a million dollars' worth of narcotics, including marijuana, is seized at border points. In view of the border's largely imaginary nature, the quantities successfully smuggled could be a dozen or a hundred times as great.

There is no end to the rackets and no limit to the profits when the border leaks so notoriously.

No Easy Answers

Many ranchers seem to feel that the problem could be solved by doing away with red tape and issuing a simple crossing card to Mexican laborers. "They need the work," the ranchers say, "and we need their labor."

But how many cards would have to be issued—five hundred thousand or five million? How would the quota be co-ordinated with the ranchers' demands, fluctuating both seasonally and from year to year? Would the ranchers be willing to have the workers checked for tuberculosis, venereal diseases, criminal connections, subversive activities, and so forth? If so, a lot of highly trained specialists would be needed in the processing line, and the processing costs would run up to $10 a head, and we would still have the problem of how to deal with those who chose to make a broken-field run around left end.

The crisis at the border begins with the crisis in Mexico itself. Mexico's population is growing too rapidly for the progress it is making in opening new lands to settlement and cultivation, in extending irrigation and modernizing its agricultural practices. Mexico is further harried by inflation and drought, possibly threatened by long-term dryness.

And yet Mexico is a proud and ambitious nation. The Mexican government has invested $58 million in increasing domestic production of wheat, corn, and beans, the staples of minimum diet. As stop-gap measures, it is importing frijoles from South Africa and selling flour to bakers at about sixty per cent of cost.

The Administration of President Ruiz Cortines is pushing its "march-to-the-sea" program. Now that yellow fever is under control, the sparsely populated territories of southern Baja California and Quintana Roo are being opened to colonization.

Mexico hopes to expand its fishing fleet and seine the adjacent seas for inexpensive proteins. It is developing its harbors and connecting them by improved roads with inland areas, hoping to develop its coastal shipping and foreign trade.

New highways are being constructed to Baja California, to connect the scattered mines, vineyards, citrus and olive groves, breweries and wineries, and the rich 330,000-acre cotton fields around Mexicali. The port city of Ensenada is undergoing a $15-million program of harbor development.

With all these activities—and some more help from the United States—Mexico's future need not be entirely dark.

Some of Mexico's publicists glibly predict that it will one day be able to support a trebled population of eighty million in comfort and prosperity. In that millennial event, one may infer, the farm-factories of the West and Southwest would have to look elsewhere for cheap labor. But that crisis is still far distant.

We've Muffled Our Own Drums

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

In the drab recess of a hand-me-down office building at 1778 Pennsylvania Avenue, well away from the State Department from which they were removed last August by the President's Reorganization Plan No. 9, the chiefs of the American propaganda establishment, alias the U.S. Information Agency (USIA), now ply their battered trade. In their new quarters, the propagandists hope, they are at last free of their Congressional tormentors and can remain safely out of sight.

From their previous existence close to the organizational bosom of Dean Acheson, they inherit unhappy memories of the limelight—along with an impressive world-wide array of real, movable, and even ideological properties, although some of the last are, in official eyes, now encumbered. Their legacy embraces a $100-million radio empire, together with trepidation as to what may be said over it; they are heirs to a total of 158 information libraries in sixty-three foreign countries, along with lingering worries as to the contents.

Today, duly purged and sundered from Foggy Bottom, USIA's survivors enjoy a firmer status than before, although in some respects a humbler one. The President himself appeared before them at a staff meeting in November to pledge them his personal support. "This Administration is with you; go ahead and do your chores, and you will earn everything the government can possibly give you." Yet it soon appeared there were some things the government could not give.

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When a top USIA executive proceeding abroad on his chores approached the Passport Division's vigilant Mrs. Ruth Shipley for a diplomatic passport, he was turned down on the ground that USIA folk, as refugees from the State Department, no longer rated this privilege, once usually accorded to the lowliest vice-consul.

RECENTLY, as an alumnus of the propaganda service of diplomatic-passport days, I called on its present chiefs in Washington to see how they were making out. For three years I had been in charge of our information establishment in occupied Austria, and for the latter part of that time of what we call our "cultural affairs" as well; I had finished my tour at a time when the chief working slogans in the field bore less on our Russian adversaries than they did on ourselves—"cutback," "riffing," "reorganization," "retrenchment," and the ever-meaningful "Cohn and Schine"—in sum, a kind of psychological warfare in reverse. But in Washington in December, I found these phrases were a thing of the past. Now the operative Federalese words were such vigorous ones as "pinpointing," "sharper targeting," "hitting hard with a message"—which left only the question: "What message?"

In the spring, Republican surgeons on the Hill had sworn to slash the Democrats' holdover $96-million annual foreign-propaganda program to the bone, and then maybe grind up the bones. But after a closer look at its living tissue—it's world-girdling property in radio transmitters, frequencies, information-center installations, publications, mass audiences, overseas organizational contacts, and influental top jobs—they reconsidered. A few of the drastic deeds were done. For the first year under the new dispensation, the foreign-information budget was cut to $75 million, with Germany and Austria being taken care of separately; several field operations, such as that in Switzerland, were closed entirely; about five hundred American employees—some integral, some temporary, some frankly supernumerary—were let out, and certain reputed Democrats in top positions were encouraged to turn to farming.

But for the coming year, under the leadership of Theodore C. Streibert, a skillful radio and advertising executive (who, I was assured by a White House adviser, is "in strong"), USIA is confidently raising its sights again to a level of possibly $90 million, and its reconstituted Washington officialdom already seems ample. Thus there are more than a hundred persons on Office of Public Information Director Andrew Berding's policy staff alone, while the State Department, which in turn hands out *its* information policy to the USIA policy men, maintains another thirty-eight "public-affairs advisers" over in its own offices.

"If you had to go up on the Hill to fight for a new budget," Mr. Berding asked me in passing, "how would you defend our level of activity in your old bailiwick, Austria?" His question made me glad I don't have to go up on the Hill to defend anything. For I might have to answer that while the present "level" in Austria, as elsewhere, may be too low if we have forthright, vigorous, and politically intelligible things to say, it may still be too high if we do not.

Head-on Clash

During my three-year term as a U.S. propagandist in Vienna, we had a standard way of handling Senators, high-level consultants, and other V.I.P.s who wanted to look over the U.S. information program. We took them first to the downtown Soviet Information Center, an eight-story, block-long building complete with movie theater, lecture halls, exhibition floors, statuary, libraries with deep leather armchairs, and even a plush retreat for chess players—a showplace that lacked only one thing: customers, of whom sometimes barely a dozen could be seen in the whole establishment.

Then we took our guests across the square to our own Amerika Haus—a bomb-shaken building at the city's busiest intersection, in which we occupied a string of rooms, some of them in the basement and all of them so crowded that many readers had to stand. And yet checkers clocked an average of four thousand visitors a day.

This contrast proved, we thought, that some very useful things could be done in a foreign-information program, as well as some pretty senseless ones. It proved also, we believed, that plush surroundings counted for a good deal less than ideas.

LET US TAKE the case of Austria—a small country with a population only half that of New York State, yet one of such strategic importance as democracy's easternmost bastion against Communism in central Europe that since the war we have spent more on it per capita, in information terms, than on any other country.

Austria is also the one country in which we face the Soviets directly on jointly occupied ground, contending not just with their local stooges but with Moscow operators present in force with a whole imported apparatus of intimidation and agitation. In Vienna and their occupation zone around it, the Soviets maintain a full-dress propaganda establishment that is a replica of what they have at home. Since zonal borders are open by Allied agreement, their verbal output also circulates freely in the area under western authority. For our part, we also ran in Austria a major engine of persuasion, embracing almost every medium of mass communication except television—and although the Soviets threw occasional roadblocks in the way, our output moved throughout their zone as well.

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In Austria, then, our propaganda show has been on a very different scale from those in "normal" countries, where an American team concentrates on providing official news

releases, circulating libraries, radio discs, traveling exhibits, and visiting professors, by and with the consent of the government concerned. As occupiers in Austria, we have run a publishing, radio, and theatrical empire of our own—whether the Austrian government liked it or not. In Vienna we have published since 1946 what is today the country's leading general-circulation newspaper, the *Wiener Kurier* (weekdays, 130,000; Saturdays, 230,000)—a third of whose copies go into Soviet-occupied areas. Out of the shambles left in the Nazis' retreat we built the nation's No. 1 radio network, the three-station "Red-White-Red," whose hundred-thousand-watt transmitters in Vienna and Linz blanketed the Soviet Zone and could be heard in areas of Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Until last summer, we issued an educational and cultural magazine, *Erziehung*, that went to upward of fifty thousand Austrian Herr Doktors; we financed the publication of a hundred or more American books annually, seeing to it that they would filter through local library systems into the Soviet Zone.

Austrian film talent being both abundant and hungry, we went into the motion-picture business, producing documentaries up to feature length on political and cultural subjects for general distribution. For the gregarious, stage-loving Viennese we opened a downtown theater that put on nightly American play readings, film showings, one-acters, current-events debates, and a series of shows in which American popular music was interwoven with political commentary; we even ran a traveling summer stock company to take our message into the hinterland, complete with master of ceremonies, Negro songstress, and small orchestra. We imported American students by the hundreds, along with American technicians, artists, novelists, agronomists, and political scientists; we staged western cultural exhibits to counter Soviet cultural exhibits, distributed as many as half a million pamphlets a month, fought poster battles with the Soviets in downtown Vienna, arranged to fly helicopters over Vienna streets to divert attention from their demonstrations, and imported for its pre-Broadway European première the new American production of *Porgy and Bess*—a show that not only stood Vienna on its ears but even won unstinting rave notices from the local Communist press.

All this cost us, at peak, an annual total of less than $7 million—or one dollar per Austrian per year—against which we took in nearly $2 million in newspaper and radio revenues. (Since a good part of our outlay was derived from Austrian counterpart currency released through Marshall Plan operations, a fiscal expert would intervene to say that the actual total cost to the U.S. taxpayer ran below $4 million.) Today, the allotted total for our Austrian "showpiece" propaganda operation is much less: This year's gross outgo may run to $4.5 million, the net to something over $2 million.

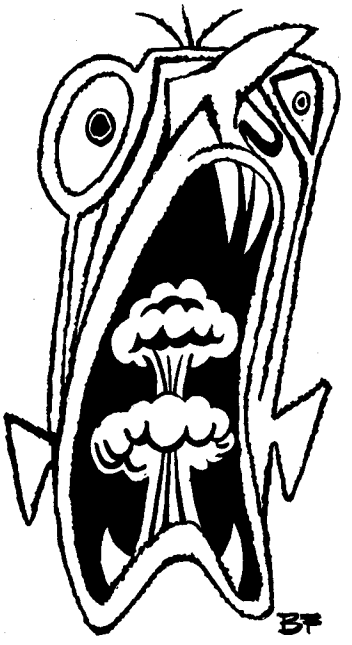
Clearly, we are going to save some money. I keep asking myself, "Did we have the ideas that warranted all that earlier outlay, and do we have ideas now that warrant our laying out even half as much?"

The Soviets' Five per Cent

The Soviets' downtown super-center is only one of eight they operate in Austria. They and their local party henchmen also publish nine newspapers, eleven magazines, and conduct upward of three hundred lesser reading rooms with material fed from Austria's largest book-publishing house, which they also control. From behind the scenes they dominate Vienna's governmental radio station; they import armies of ballerinas, balalaika players, and acrobats to divert the populace; in Vienna they stage well-drilled international congresses attended by platoons of spurious-looking bearded professors from places as far removed as Outer Mongolia and Uganda, to tout such "causes" as "Youth," "Peace," "Women's Rights," and "Progressive Jurisprudence." All told, they spend on propaganda in Austria the equivalent of fully $25 million a year, and the most they have so far been able to show for it is a Communist vote that since the war has obstinately refused to rise beyond five per cent of the populace.

ON BALANCE, then, we with our annual dollar per Austrian would seem to have been doing a good deal better in the area of persuasion than the Soviets with their $3.50, and it would be pleasant to project this pattern upon the world at large.

It isn't, of course, as simple as that. In Austria as elsewhere, the Soviets have not been out only to produce Communists; they are often satisfied if they can just produce disillusioned democrats as the first stage in making a country rotten-ripe for themselves. For us, on the other hand, it isn't enough just to make a man an anti-Communist; for



the long pull we want to help make him something more—in the end, a positive, believing, functioning democrat. By no means all of the ninety-five per cent in Austria who reject the Communist ticket answer to that description. Many are unreconstructed authoritarians of the

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Right; many are dogmatic party Socialists who are for Marx although against the Cominform; others are neutralists, congenital skeptics, genteel dreamers of a return to the past, and plain passivists who think their country's remaining function in this world is to pick up scraps wherever it can.

The Soviets' immediate aim in Austria has been to increase this lethargic, divided state of mind; ours to diminish it and replace it by concerted impulses toward democratic self-help.

EASIER SAID than done, and harder to do when you have trouble saying what you think should be done. Our Marshall Plan experts on the spot told us that economically it was essential that Austria start catching up both in thinking and practice if the $726 million of aid we had poured into the country were to pay off.

So we rounded up speakers from America and western Europe, staged radio forums, and fomented newspaper discussions in which the values of competitive free enterprise were demonstrated in contrast to the dead hand imposed by restrictive cartels, guilds, and mid-Danubian statism generally. Public interest swelled, much to the annoyance of the men who ran the cartels, whose chamber of commerce denounced us to Washington as socialists.

A conflict developed in our Embassy between the economists and propagandists on one side (who held that in order to help build Austria into a viable state we must try to put over American ideas of a competitive economy, even if these upset some local applecarts) and our career diplomats on the other side (who held up a warning forefinger against "interference.") Acheson's State Department was asked which side it would sustain. The Department never answered; we felt that the coming election at home was casting its shadow before.

The Machine Backfires

In the following spring, we were on the point of opening a new American information center in Innsbruck —the only public library of any size *in the whole Tyrol—when* the Messrs. Cohn and Schine arrived to inspect our bookshelves. In the ensuing local press uproar and loud laughter we felt we would be better off if we didn't have any libraries at all. Sometimes I almost wished we did not have a *Wiener Kurier* either; for our faithful readers, conditioned to the diet of factual journalism we had introduced as an innovation to Austria, wrote in angrily to ask why we alone, of the entire Vienna press, were keeping silent on McCarthy and the ouster of Theodore Kaghan as public-affairs consultant to the U.S. High Commissioner in Germany.

Our daily information guidances from Washington grew longer and told us more and more things not to talk about.

So the big, shiny information machine we had built up began to

backfire. Audiences contrasted the bold things we said about the Soviets with the timid ones we now said about ourselves. By mid-1953, as it appeared to an operator in the field, the massive overseas U.S. information setup was being conducted less with an eye to its customers abroad than to its Congressional critics at home—some of whom apparently didn't think there should be any such setup to begin with.

But this phase, one learns in Washington, is now over. The investigators and reorganizers have had their fling, and we are off to a new start. Having relieved itself of two successive information chiefs—Dr. Wilson Compton, a distinguished, white-haired educator who is also an authority on lumbering, and Dr. Robert L. Johnson, a propagandist from Temple University—the Administration now has in USIA Administrator Streibert a man who can be counted upon to get the shop humming again with Madison Avenue efficiency. Mr. Streibert also has a new directive which should help him. This paper, dated October 28, 1953, defines USIA's purpose as being "To submit evidence to peoples of other nations . . . that the objectives and policies of the U.S. are in harmony with and will advance their legitimate aspirations for freedom, progress and peace." Presumably this means that in carrying on its work, USIA may again take into close account the sensibilities of other peoples, and not only of those on the Hill.

Mr. Streibert declares he wants to give the world "a full exposition" of important American actions and policies. The process of getting this, however, still remains a bit complex. In fact, with the removal of USIA from the State Department, where foreign-information guidance is still written, it appears more involved than ever.

SUPPOSE the American editor of the *Wiener Kurier* at his desk in Vienna feels that in order to counteract local Communist propaganda he needs a fresh, specific "line" on the matter of the Austrian state treaty—or maybe on the great civil-rights debate at home over Senator McCarthy's methods. What now happens is that the regional "public-affairs adviser" in the office of the State Department's Assistant Secretary for European Affairs, Livingston Merchant, gets together with the proper political desk officer, and then with some additional public-affairs advisers in the office of the Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, Carl McCardle, where a paper is drafted which is then carried to the *other* staff of policy men over in Mr. Berding's shop on Pennsylvania Avenue, who in turn check it with *their* regional advisers (who form another group again, reporting direct to Mr. Streibert)—and then, if there are still some touchy angles in it, maybe it goes upstairs to the National Security Council or at least to the Operations Coordinating Board. Sometimes the

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process works smoothly, sometimes it doesn't, and sometimes there isn't even a process. I asked several assorted policy drafters whether anything authorizing a "full exposition" abroad of the McCarthy issue had yet gone out. The look I got in response said, "Do you think we're crazy?"

We must make every effort, says Mr. Streibert, to show "the mutuality of our interests and goals" with those of other peoples, and "must explain those goals in ways that will cause other peoples to join with us in achieving them." This has a hopeful ring. As to the ways themselves, they will include "pinpointing," "a harder-hitting approach," "more vital programs." But for the propagandist at the open microphone or before his blank sheet of copy paper, there is more to it than "pinpointing an approach"; he still has the problem of just what to say so that the other peoples really will join. I thought of my successors in Vienna, now laboring under budget cuts that have slashed their information-center operations by a third and practically extinguished their film, theater, book, and pamphlet programs, and felt that, far from being unlucky, perhaps they are fortunate in having fewer approaches until such time as their survivors can say more.

It is pleasant to have dollars to spend abroad on staging exhibits; but they are not so useful when, as happened to us in Vienna last summer, a visiting vice-president of a big New York advertising firm charges into your office to say that the July 4 exhibit you have mounted downtown under the heading "The American Revolution" is an impropriety, since Americans should never be associated with the word "revolution"—and that he is going to tell his favorite Senator we had better be looked into closely. Then the dollars can be self-defeating—especially when you report this incident to higher officials and get the answer, "Well, you *could* have called your exhibit 'The War of Independence.'"

"WHAT'S WATER made of?" Mutt asks Jeff in an old comic strip. "Two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen," says Jeff. Mutt: "What, ain't there no *water* in it?"

The lesson we learned in our big-time Austrian information show was perhaps elementary: Content is more important than form. Effective propaganda usually consists of a substance not generally produced by committees, appropriations, and guidances labeled "Caution."

Morocco: The Struggle Neither Side Can Win

CLAIRE STERLING

OF THE four hundred million Moslems in the world, all but twenty million now have national independence. These twenty million live in the three territories of North Africa that are controlled by the French: Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco. Because of its strategic importance, natural wealth, and huge capital investment, this stretch of Mediterranean coast is the heart of the French Union, and France is determined to hold on to it. It is not an easy job. Moslem nationalism is spreading through North Africa. It has gone far in Tunisia, and deeper than it looks in Algeria. But nowhere is Moslem nationalism taking a more ominous form than in the richest and most strategic of the three territories—Morocco.

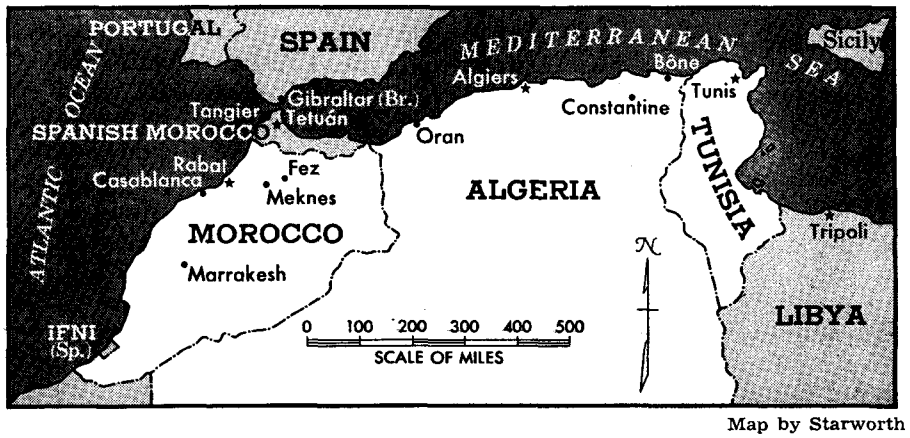
The problem in Morocco is not Communism, as some French say, although it may become that with enough provocation. But even without Communism, the situation in Morocco is serious enough to disquiet not only France but all the other Atlantic powers. What is at issue is not only the strategic safety of the Mediterranean; it is also the potential friendship or enmity of four hundred million Moslems, who are beginning to draw together in an Arab-Asian bloc. The problem in Morocco is not simply a local independence movement; it is all Islam.

Terror in the Mosque

France has had trouble with Moorish nationalists since the Second World War, but in the last few months France's ability to control the country at all has come into question.

Last August 20, Sultan Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef was deposed, after twenty-six years on the throne, and escorted to Corsica by representatives of the French Residency General. The circumstances surrounding this event were never made clear. In general, however, it was presented to the press as a change desired by a large majority of the Sultan's subjects which would open the way to long-needed reforms and a better understanding between the French and the Moors.

Since the change was made, travel agencies have been advising tourists to stay out of Morocco. From early September, French settlers and pro-French Moors have been killed or wounded at the rate of one a day. In a period of six weeks seven bombs were planted on the Casablanca-Algiers express, and another killed nineteen people in the Casablanca



Map by Starworth

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central market the day before Christmas. A few weeks ago the new Sultan, Sidi Mohammed Ben Moulay Arafa, was wounded by an explosion while praying at a mosque in Marrakesh.

French *colons* (colonial settlers) have begun to strike back through a secret society called the "White Hand," which is said to have been responsible for four kidnapings and now threatens to take a life for a life. The *medinas* (native quarters) of Fez, Meknes, Rabat, and Casablanca have been repeatedly swept by police dragnets. Between ten and fifteen thousand Moslems have been jailed, placed under house arrest, or sent to "forced residence" camps in the south; and for weeks the country has been officially in a state of siege.

The signs of passive resistance have been at least as menacing as the overt terrorism. For the first time in many centuries, Moors are refusing to worship in the name of the Sultan, who is pope as well as king to them. The mosques are half empty; celebrations of ritual wedding, birth, and religious feasts have dropped off so sharply that the consumption of sugar has dropped by half; and the usually crowded grounds around the Imperial Palace in Rabat are deserted, except for a handful of Europeans, when the Sultan goes to his private mosque on Fridays—in a bullet-proof limousine—to pray.

THE REBELLION has obviously caught the French off guard. Even veteran native-affairs officers weren't prepared for it, nor have they any clear idea of how to cope with it. The same might be said for leaders of Istiqlal (the Independence Party), who can scarcely be held responsible for the demonstrations if only because all their top men—and most minor ones—are either in exile or under arrest. Those who are still at liberty find themselves carried along by the revolt rather than leading it. And they are frankly afraid of the turn it's taking.

Neither the Istiqlal nor the Residency wants civil war, or thinks it would settle anything. The Moors could never expect to defeat the French in battle, even with help from the Arab League in Cairo. But the *colons,* even with the army, couldn't expect final victory either; they are less than 400,000 against the Moors' eight million. Both sides know, therefore, that they can neither win nor lose. And yet both sides are being driven to extremes by a lack of communication so complete as to leave them no alternative.

Had any lines of communication been open last summer, the Resi-

Sidi Mohammed Ben Moulay Arafa

dency probably wouldn't have tried to get rid of the Sultan. He was undoubtedly the biggest obstacle in the way of what the French regarded as progress. But he was also a supreme religious symbol, revered by Moslems who had nothing to do with politics and who are being moved to act now as the Istiqlal could never move them. The failure of the Residency to realize Ben Youssef's importance in time was partly a result of the fact that they had cut off relations with the Sultan himself three years before and partly a result of the fact that the *colons* have made little effort to understand the country they are living in.

'They Ought to Be Grateful'

The *colons* live apart from the Moslems, in new European cities sometimes more than a mile from the *medinas.* With a few exceptions, their children go to separate schools. Not many have any contact with Moors except as domestics or farm hands, or have picked up more than enough Arabic to give household commands. Knowing little of Moorish history, culture, or religion—which go back a thousand years—they are inclined to regard the Moors as backward children or gentle savages who need a firm hand. "When I first came here fifteen years ago," a *colon* told a visitor not long ago, "I was shocked by the way these Moors were treated. Now I myself treat them like dogs. Mind you, I like dogs. I feed them decently, and take care of them when they're sick. But I could never see them as my equals."

The prevailing opinion among the *colons* is that they have brought peace, prosperity, and western civilization to Morocco, for which the Moors ought to be grateful. They point out that until France established a protectorate in 1912, Morocco was still in the Middle Ages, a feudal society ravaged by plagues, ridden by petty tyrants, embroiled in eternal tribal warfare between Arabs and mountain Berbers, and as closed to foreign trade as China and Japan were in the eighteenth century.

French troops have pacified and unified the country, and *colons* and the French government have transformed it into a flourishing modern state, with rich mechanized farms, magnificent dams, splendid roads, automobiles, airports, schools, hospitals, up-to-date sanitation, telephones, electricity, radio, television, comfortable hotels, and big industrial cities. Casablanca, a mound of mud hovels forty years ago, is now the fourth city in Africa; its port did a bigger trade last year than Marseilles.

All F.D.R.'s Fault

In the face of all these improvements, the *colons* can only explain native nationalism as a foreign importation. They feel that it came largely from the United States, on whose "ingenuous anti-colonialism" they blame most of their present difficulties. It was President Roosevelt, they claim, who first planted the thought of independence in Moorish minds by promising it, while he was in Casablanca in 1943, to Ben Youssef.

Only a sentimentalist, they say, would offer independence to a people who are still nine-tenths illiterate, have only twelve doctors, twelve agricultural engineers, three other graduate engineers, not a single good railroad mechanic, no pilots at all, and not even a veterinary. Nor do they believe the Moors themselves want independence, since the price would be the loss of French help. They insist that a few fanatics are determined to drive the French into the sea and reduce the country again to a feudal ruin.

A lot of this is true, as far as it

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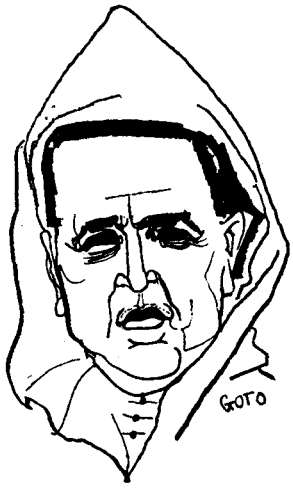
goes. France has been pouring huge quantities of money and effort into Morocco for years, not all of it in the hope of reward. The French Treasury will contribute 30 billion francs ($86 million) to the Moroccan budget in 1954, and will also meet most of the protectorate's 64-billion-franc trade deficit. Over a third of the money contributed to the budget will go into social services like schools, housing, public health, and agricultural aid, all of which will benefit the Moors directly and not all of which is measurable only in terms of money. The public-health program, for instance, has practically wiped out cholera, typhus, malaria, and the plague; mobile clinics now penetrate into the most remote mountain areas; and infant mortality among the Moors has been reduced to so near the normal European level that their population has doubled in less than two generations, and is now increasing by two hundred thousand a year. This humanitarian achievement is adding to the French burden, since Morocco is rapidly reaching a point where it can't feed itself, and will need still more help.

The ordinary French taxpayer isn't getting much in return for all this expenditure. The phosphate mines, which are Morocco's main mineral wealth and produce a fourth of the world supply, have been under the control of the Sherifian government since 1917—on the insistence of the then Resident-General, Marshal Louis Lyautey. And the market for goods from Metropolitan France comes to about 107 billion francs a year, which isn't much more than the French Treasury's contribution.

But the *colons* themselves are doing pretty well. Although only about a tenth of Morocco's cultivated land is in French hands, that tenth—1.2 million acres—is owned by five thousand people, some of whose farms run to four and five thousand acres. There are no figures on their profits. But they have the most fertile land in the country; they have all the latest mechanical equipment; and they have the advantage not only of cheap labor—less than a dollar a day per hand—but of a thirty per cent reduction in the land tax, or *tertib*, which is the only important tax on agriculture and is lowered for farms with modern equipment.

The same *colons* have heavy investments in industry, which is going through something of a slump this



Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef

year but still yields a good profit thanks to the low rates of corporation and income taxes and the average wage of $1.15 a day for Moslem laborers.

Perhaps the *colons* have worked miracles in Morocco, but it must be added that the miracles have always turned out to be profitable for the *colons*. The first dams to be built were near the *colon's* land, the roads ran past his farms, the schools were for his children, and even the public-health program was undertaken to protect him from the contagion around him. (Recently the Residency has extended these projects to more distinctly Moorish areas.)

But it is certainly true that the *colons* have raised the natives' living standards considerably. The Moroccan fellahs are probably four times better off than their counterparts in Egypt. Seventy-seven thousand of them already have radios, and they are acquiring bicycles at the rate of seven thousand a year. But they are still miserably poor, especially by the European standards they see all around them. From their squalid *bidonvilles* (tin-can towns), newly urbanized Moslems can see the shining skyscrapers of Casablanca. Even if they aren't as poor as they were forty years ago, they resent the fact that most of the benefits of western civilization are still reaching them only accidentally. Nor are all these benefits necessarily regarded as blessings by a people with older and infinitely different customs.

The last point is particularly relevant. The source of Moroccan nationalism is not primarily economic. It is essentially a question of racial and religious pride.

A Little Learning . . .

It's true that Morocco was sealed off from the world before 1912. But when the French opened it, they exposed it to the East and to the West at the same time. The one brought a heightened consciousness of Islam. The other brought familiarity with the concepts of national patriotism and democracy, an appetite for education, and the formation of an urban proletariat.

It wasn't President Roosevelt who created Moorish nationalism, but Voltaire. Of the six top directors of Istiqlal, four were educated in Paris, and the whole movement is dominated by young men who studied there—and who are still being sent there on two hundred scholarships a year. They come home full of admiration for the French. Their idea, however, is "not to turn Moroccans into Frenchmen," as one of them has said, "but to adapt the noblest of French principles to Morocco." They wear European clothes, but they are still Moslems.

The admiration doesn't last long. Instead of adopting and encouraging these young men, the Residency fears and distrusts them. Of the forty-five thousand people on the Residency's payroll, only sixty are Moors, most of them doormen and menial clerks. Only one Paris graduate holds a position of any responsibility at all, and he—in spite of having gone through the difficult Institut Polytechnique—is a petty functionary in the Bureau of Mines. The others are left to brood over the grievances that French education has taught them to recognize, and they are considerable.

Morocco is a protectorate, not a colony. The Treaty of Fez, signed in 1912, gave France the power to introduce all reforms that it might "deem useful . . . within the Moroccan territory." It also required France to obtain the Sultan's approval for such reforms, and to "support [him] against all dangers

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which might threaten His person or throne, or endanger the tranquillity of His States." Implicitly, these terms bound France to respect at least the forms of Moorish sovereignty and prepare the country for eventual self-government. France has not done very well on either count in the last forty years.

The worst failure is in education. There are classrooms enough for European children, of course. But there are less than 200,000 places available in public grammar schools for almost two million Moslem children of school age—not sufficient even to cover the annual increase in population. There are high-school facilities for only 15,125 boys. Even allowing for the Moslems' early resistance to European schooling and for the fact that providing universal education all at once would involve prohibitive expense, the record is poor. And it looks even poorer than it is to the Moors, especially since instruction for all but ten hours of the school week is done in French. Arabic has never been recognized as an official language.

Even less progress can be reported in other fields. The Moors still have no standardized penal or civil code, no independent judiciary, no freedom of press or assembly, no right either to form their labor unions or to join European ones, and, excepting the 150,000 French-chosen electors for an advisory Government Council, no suffrage to elect their own officials at even the lowest local level. Their *caïds,* or town prefects, can only be appointed by the Sultan on approval by the Residency, and are, besides, subject to the veto of local French "controllers." Most galling of all, for the last eight months the Moors have not even had an authentic Sultan.

The Fall of Ben Youssef

It was a dispute over reforms in these three fields—justice, unionism, suffrage—that brought about the fall of Ben Youssef, under conditions that violated the Treaty of Fez and stripped the Moslems of their last shred of pride.

Ben Youssef was not a saint. He is said to have made himself the richest man in Morocco during his reign. He was, however, a highly cultured Moslem, deeply religious and given to meditation but also interested in science and strongly in favor of western education, which he insisted on for his own children. He never gave up his harem, but he did allow his daughter Lolla Aïcha to take off her veil and don western dress, and he encouraged her to work for the emancipation of Moslem women. He fought the arch-conservative Moslem fraternities.

These qualities brought him prestige among his subjects; they also incurred the enmity of the fraternities and the suspicion of the Residency. But there was no open conflict with the Residency until after the Second World War, which made changes in Africa and the Middle East that neither Ben Youssef nor his subjects could ignore. The Atlantic Charter was signed. President Roosevelt had paid him a visit. Syria and Lebanon won their independence from France. Libya—far behind

Morocco in maturity—got independence from the United Nations. And Egypt organized the Arab League.

The Sultan did not demand independence for Morocco. Neither did Istiqlal, which was formed in 1943, and which Ben Youssef's son, Crown Prince Moulay Hassan, joined soon afterward. They simply asked for more political autonomy and a speeded up program of preparation for self-government.

THE RESIDENCY replied, finally, about three years ago, by proposing three major *dahirs,* or laws, for the Sultan's signature.

The first dealt with Moslem justice. It proposed better courts of appeal. But it took away the Sultan's personal jurisdiction over these courts, strengthened French control over them, and left lower-court powers in the hands of the *caïds,* who would serve as both town administrators and judges. The net effect of this proposal would have been to strengthen the French power, confirm the *caïds'* power, and weaken the Sultan's power. It left the essential problem of justice unsolved.

The second *dahir* proposed to grant trade-union rights to Moslem industrial workers. They would be required, however, to join European unions, over which Europeans would be guaranteed fifty per cent control. The Europeans are a small minority compared to the Moslems in industry. Moreover, agricultural workers, who make up the bulk of the Moslem population, would still have no right at all to organize.

The third *dahir* provided that in municipal elections all Moslem candidates should be selected by the Residency and fifty per cent of the seats should be reserved for the French. In the four largest cities of Morocco — Casablanca, Marrakesh, Fez, and Rabat—the French population is, respectively, twenty, five, seven, and twenty-seven per cent of the total.

The Moors may not be ready for full self-government yet, but they know too much about it to accept such proposals in its name. Ben Youssef refused to sign these *dahirs,* and from that moment on he signed no others. "When the Sultan's only power is to give or refuse to sign these *dahirs,*" a Sorbonne professor wrote recently, "the only choice is to convince him or break him." The Residency chose to break him.

To do this, the French turned to two men: Si Hadji Thami El Glaoui, Pasha (Governor) of Marrakesh, and Sherif El Kittani, head of Morocco's largest fraternity.

The Two Strong Men

El Glaoui is the most hated figure in the country. Fabulously rich—he owns half of the southern part of the country and a fifth interest in its cobalt mines—the Moslems say he made his money by "eating his people." Much of his fortune was acquired through agreement with the French in the early years of the protectorate: He would bring the rebellious Berber tribes under control in exchange

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for freedom to plunder those tribes "as far as his horses could go." Since then, he has run up a quarter of a million dollars' worth of debts in France, but no bills have been presented. His income is enlarged by regular commissions from the brothels in the Marrakesh district, a cut of fifty per cent on all fortunes bequeathed by rich Moslems who die in his domain, and special taxes imposed on the local populace to finance the sumptuous receptions he is fond of giving distinguished visitors such as Sir Winston Churchill. During a recent drought in his province, he diverted half of the Marrakesh water supply for his private golf course. El Glaoui has considered Ben Youssef his personal enemy and rival for forty years.

THE SECOND MAN the French have turned to is another enemy of Ben Youssef's. El Kittani's brother died after a whipping that was ordered by Ben Youssef's uncle when the latter was Sultan before the French came. El Kittani's hatred of Ben Youssef is a family as well as religious matter, and it is strong enough to overcome his private hatred of the French and all westerners. The education of women, he told an American woman not long ago, "has led them into debauchery."

El Glaoui and El Kittani helped to organize the Berber tribesmen who appeared at the gates of Rabat last August as the Resident-General issued his final ultimatum to the Imperial Palace. Estimates of how many tribesmen there were vary from four hundred to four thousand. In any event, they were ordered there, on pain of fines or imprisonment, by *caïds* whom the French had appointed without the Sultan's signature. Their arms, a few rusty old-fashioned rifles, were laughable, and their idea of their mission, as reported by a neutral diplomat on the scene, was "to collect our sugar and tea."

It was from this threat of civil war that the Residency was forced to rescue Ben Youssef and put him on a plane for Corsica.

'The Moor Is Beginning to Doubt'

Since then, the new Sultan Ben Arafa has signed everything put before him, including—so the story goes in Rabat—the menu he was offered at his first official banquet. Among other things, he recently signed a *dahir* providing an automatic death penalty not merely for acts of terrorism but also for any complicity whatsoever, including contribution of money, against the internal security of the state or in attempts to change or overthrow the régime.

So far neither this nor any other

Si Hadji Thami El Glaoui

of the new Sultan's *dahirs* have been put into effect. If and when they are, they are not likely to make for better understanding between the Moors and the French. The feeling among more reasonable Moors is summed up in the views of a young nationalist who agreed to be interviewed at serious risk to himself. "What I fear," he said, "is that this crisis will confuse our people into not seeing that their interest lies with the free world. The Moor is beginning to doubt that he has the same interests as France, Britain, the United States, and the Atlantic alliance. He begins to think he made a mistake.

"We have everything against the Communists, and regard them as enemies of our religion. But some of our less sophisticated Moslems, especially workers, may be drawn to them soon. The rest of us can only put our hopes in the Arab League and an Arab-Asian bloc. Our consolation is that history is making for our liberation, but before it comes, there may be bloodshed. We want and need the French here. We only ask them to let us live our lives as they live theirs. But some of our Moors are too angry now to think clearly, and we can't restrain them if we're all in jail.

"I have lived in France seven years and love the French. But they don't know what's happening here. The tragedy is that forty million of them must suffer for the faults of a few thousand."

Much of what the young man said is echoed in private by some French-Moroccans, who are ashamed of the Residency's recent behavior and consider it "un-French." But they are a small minority. The *colons* as a whole are in no mood for compromise. They say among themselves that the only way to handle the situation is to treat the Moors "the same way Malan is treating his blacks in South Africa," and that if Paris fails to understand they are prepared to take matters into their own hands.

Force, however, doesn't seem to be working so far. For every terrorist arrested, two more are springing up—some of them boys of fifteen. In the last few months, there has been evidence that the terrorists are getting outside help. The bomb in the Casablanca market had a screw cap of different and better workmanship than any produced in Morocco.

Help may be coming from the Communists in Metropolitan France. More probably, it is coming from Egypt via the Spanish Zone of Morocco. Franco, who launched his civil war against the mainland from Spanish Morocco in 1936, still regards that zone as his main military protection against possible uprising at home, and he is eager to mollify his own Moorish nationalists, especially if it can be done at France's expense. Egypt's interest is obvious, and is becoming more so daily with broadcasts into Morocco from the "Voice of the Arabs" inciting the Moors to acts of vengeance.

THERE IS no easy solution for the French. But it is still possible to hope for a reasonable solution, one that would protect French interests and at the same time restore the Moors' dignity.

The attempt must be made, for reasons advanced as early as 1920 by Morocco's first Resident-General, Marshal Lyautey. "Moroccans are neither barbarians nor inert," he warned. "They are very curious about the world and very well informed. They are avid for instruction and adaptable, and their youth is strong for life and wants to act. If we give them no outlets, they will find their own way. . . ."

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The Passing Of the Brass Pounder

CLYDE BRION DAVIS

As MARK TWAIN mourned the passing of that remarkable breed of men, the Mississippi steamboat pilot, I mourn the passing of a no less remarkable class, the press telegrapher.

Thirty years ago the press telegrapher—or brass pounder, as he called himself—was an aristocrat among craftsmen. Protected by a strong union, he was always sure of a job at good wages. He was inclined to be a little patronizing toward reporters and wire editors—and with some reason. He represented, or so it seemed, the acme of technological advance, and he had no reason to doubt that his trade would be doing business in the same way for a hundred years, or, for that matter, a thousand.

But the teletype arrived in the late 1920's. Its operation required only a girl to punch a tape on a typewriter keyboard, and this tape, on the same principle as a player-piano roll, could be run through the transmitter at far greater speeds than the best telegrapher could send or receive. A girl teletype operator drawing perhaps less than one-third the wages of a journeyman telegrapher could transmit at least twice as much copy in eight hours. No operators were needed on the receiving end; the teletype machines banged it out automatically. Thus news-service editors were able to send newspapers much more nonsense for telegraph editors to spike on their deadhooks.

The telegraphers and their union had no defense against this uncanny robot, even considering the uncanny talents of the individual operators. They could only point out lamely that a telegrapher didn't get out of order as often as the machine and that he never got drunk enough to fill a page with "pi lines" the way the high-speed teletype does when its electronic innards get a touch of indigestion. So the press telegrapher was finished, or practically so. Some took special courses and became teletype mechanics—flunkies to the machine that had dethroned them. Others drifted into different employment.

Morse and Phillips

The press telegrapher, that astonishing example of how the human brain can be trained, had to learn first the old Morse code of dots and dashes ("A" is ". _," "B" is "_ . . .," "C" is "_ . _ .," and so on); for a dot his sounder made two clicks very close together and for a dash two clicks only slightly separated. To the uninitiated, his sounder blipped along with such rapidity that it seemed impossible for the human ear to distinguish a dot from a dash, let alone tell where one letter or character left off and another began.

Then in addition to Morse code the press telegrapher had to know the Phillips code, a system of abbreviations employed wherever the English language was clicked over press wires. It was originated in 1879 by a press telegrapher named Walter P. Phillips, and consisted of some six thousand terms such as "EY4" for "everywhere," "UTAF" for "under the auspices of," "SOW" for "Secretary of War," "SCOTUS" for "Supreme Court of the United States."

One of the examples of the Phillips code that telegraphers used to cite was: "GXP IN CHH AS BFL GL CHGS BOP AGA BAP BIP."

If this unlikely message had clicked over the wire, every press telegrapher would have turned to his typewriter and tapped out: "Great excitement prevails in church as beautiful girl charges breach of promise against Baptist bishop."

THE FIRST press telegrapher I ever knew worked in Albuquerque, New Mexico, before the First World War. He was an amiable fellow named Paul Joyner and he was kind enough to offer me tuition in his profession.

"You don't want to be a reporter," he said. "Look at the hours you keep. You're working twelve hours a day to my eight and getting half the money. You'll always make more money as a telegraph operator and if you work overtime you'll get paid for it. You can go anywhere you want to go and be sure of a job."

He pointed out that the work was easy, that in fact after a few years it was automatic: One's fingers did the work without conscious direction from the brain.

Paul talked so convincingly that I borrowed his Phillips code book to study. But I gave it back to him after a few days and told him I had decided to be a reporter. I knew I lacked the brain and strength of character to master his trade, if you can call such a superhuman performance a trade.

While I was telling him this, Paul Joyner was lolling in his chair, translating the clatter of his telegraph sounder into dots and dashes and the dots and dashes into Morse code letters and the letters and characters into Phillips code abbreviations and symbols, then those abbreviations and symbols into English words and phrases, getting them down at a steady clip on his typewriter.

The sounder kept on clicking, of course, while Paul paused to put a new "book" in the typewriter or to light a cigarette. Then he would type a little faster for a moment to catch up, but he rarely had to "break." Breaking meant throwing the switch on his key and tapping out a request for a repeat.

He would carry on animated conversations with anyone who entered the wire room, arguing politics or baseball, citing statistics and giving examples to prove his points. Though all his faculties seemed to be directed on the argument, his fingers were steadily typing away on some news dispatch and his ears

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were picking up simultaneously the talk of his visitor together with the rapid clatter of the sounder.

'Anybody Can Do It'

To me, Paul Joyner was unbelievable. But I was to find that he was the rule among press telegraphers rather than the exception.

Late one night when I was telegraph editor of a morning paper, the operator of a feature wire brought me the last of his copy after he had received "THIRTY" for the end of his stint.

"Anything good on my wire tonight?" he asked.

When I inquired where he had been all evening he held up a book, *Judge Colt,* by William MacLeod Raine. "Swell story," he said. "I was reading it and didn't notice what came in over the wire."

This man had been sitting with a Western novel on his typewriter stand, engrossed in cowboy gunfire, quite oblivious to the eight or ten thousand words he had translated, retranslated, and typed in practically letter-perfect copy.

Then there was Charley Smith, a famous Associated Press telegrapher who was entirely blind. I met him first in Colorado Springs when the news editor of the *Gazette* took me into the wire room and introduced us.

The room was dark except for the red glow of Charley's cigarette. The unseen sounder was clattering off the news of the night and Charley talked without pausing in his work.

"Look, Charley," said the news editor, "describe this guy, will you?"

"Sure," said the blind man, putting his cigarette in an ashtray. And he described me pretty accurately as to age, height, weight, coloring, and point of origin. As I recall, he was slightly wrong in that last, guessing perhaps Iowa or Kansas, whereas I was born in Nebraska and reared in Missouri. But he was remarkably close on the other items.

HIS SHARPENED sense of hearing made it possible for Charley Smith to form a picture of any visitor from the nature of footsteps combined with voice timbre and accent.

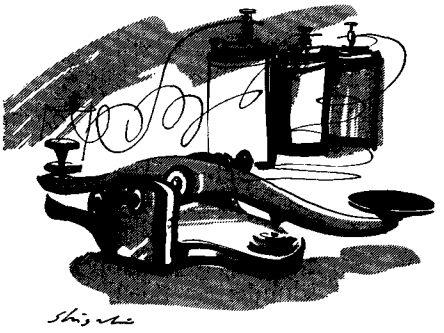
All the time he was describing me there in the darkened wire room Charley Smith was operating his typewriter steadily, translating metallic clatter to dots and dashes to Morse to Phillips to English.

At one point the telegraph sounder paused a moment and Smith turned his typewriter roller back half a dozen lines, X'd a word, typed another word above it, and turned the roller back to where he had left off.

"They made the man's name Harry instead of Harvey," he said.

It would have been easy to credit Charley Smith with supernatural powers, but he belittled his performance. "Anybody can do it," he said. "All you have to do is become a good telegrapher and then go blind. The rest just comes natural."

But there were real exhibitionists among the old-time operators. Down in the Southwest I knew Floyd Pearl,



a cadaverous consumptive who loved to show off. He'd have a volume of Montaigne or perhaps La Rochefoucauld's *Maxims* in the original French open beside his typewriter, and he'd talk to me about them over the strong, brown Mexican cigarette that dangled from his lower lip.

"Listen to this," he'd say, "I'll translate for you: 'Philosophy can easily conquer past and future troubles, but present trouble conquers philosophy.' I'll tell you old Michel knew the score."

Floyd knew that I appreciated the fact that he was in effect making three translations simultaneously.

Floyd was a wizard at mental arithmetic, and he enjoyed exhibiting that talent when he could get two or more visitors in the wire room as he sat with his gaunt form swathed in a heavy roll-necked sweater.

While he was typing away on the Associated Press report he'd say to someone, "Give me a number of four units."

The visitor would say, for example, "5,628."

The brown, parchment-like skin on Pearl's face would stretch into a satyr's grin. "All right. Now give me another number of four units."

Someone would say, "3,275."

Then Pearl would close his eyes for about thirty seconds, scowling with concentration while his fingers continued to type out a story on a Senate filibuster, and presently he would open his eyes and say, "5,628 multiplied by 3,275 is 18,431,700."

So somebody would work it out with pencil and paper and marvel that Floyd Pearl was correct and say such a thing would be wonderful even if he weren't taking down the A.P. report while he did it.

Receiving While Dead

Pearl was far gone with tuberculosis but refused to take care of himself. When his wire closed he preferred to play poker for the rest of the night to going home to bed. Off duty he was a fairly heavy drinker of tequila. And the vile cigarettes he smoked constantly would have cut the lungs out of a healthy man.

With increasing frequency he would announce on coming to work, "Well, I tossed another hemorrhage this morning." His face became a death's-head with black eyes blazing from the skull.

One night his copy came out of the wire room as usual until eleven o'clock, when there was thirty minutes of clear-wire time to enable operators on the circuit to go to lunch. At ten minutes after eleven, Manuel, the copy boy, whispered to me tensely, "Something's wrong with Mr. Pearl."

Something was indeed wrong with Mr. Pearl. He was sitting before his typewriter, his fingers resting on the keys. His head was dropped low into the roll collar of that big sweater, but one ear apparently was cocked to the now busy telegraph sounder. Floyd Pearl not only was dead, but was stiff in death.

In the typewriter was the last dispatch he had taken. It closed with "J—11 P. LUNCH."

The doctor said the state of rigor mortis indicated that Floyd Pearl had been dead for at least two hours. On the basis of this physician's testimony, one would have

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had to believe that translating Morse and Phillips had become so completely automatic with Floyd Pearl that he continued taking dispatches down on his typewriter for at least an hour and a half after he was dead.

Subsequently, however, other physicians have assured me that once in a while rigor mortis will set in no more than five minutes after death. They say it is pretty unusual, but that it sometimes does happen, particularly with victims of tuberculosis.

ANY RESEMBLANCE . . .

Soul for Sale

MARYA MANNES

FOR CENTURIES the eyes of the artist were turned outward on the world about him. What he painted was, to be sure, as much an image of himself as of what he saw, since all creation is a reflection of the creator. But still he observed with humility the external miracle of nature, deriving from it and imposing upon it his own vision thereof.

But lately, painters like Norman have turned their vision inward. Ignoring what is about them, they concentrate with humility on what is inside them. What they see there is then recorded in paint, framed, and—to a surprising extent—sold.

Norman sees explosions. His paintings, seldom less than six feet square, are a series of disintegrations in violent colors: orange fragments splintered on a thick white field, scarlet clusters, or even black vortices. As in his earlier phase of tempestuous scratchings, the pigment is very thick, the intent very sure. There is no question that he is putting down what he wants to put down: himself.

TWO DECADES ago, Norman's pictures would have shocked the ordinary public, eliciting ridicule and the well-used dictum "My five-year-old could do better than that." Now people are numbed. They stand in silence before his paintings. Critics have made them feel inadequate, stuffy, and blind. Unhappily they search for meanings they have been told reside in the framed spatterings, bewildered they wait for the emotional experience that is promised them. Was it not only yesterday that one well-known critic wrote of Norman that he was "groping with increasing assurance through the developing layers of plastic consciousness" and another that "He has evolved from his earlier linear conflicts into a masterful control of spatial entities"? Don't his larger paintings sell for two thousand dollars, and weren't two of them bought by museums?

The answer is a resounding "Yes." Norman has a strong partisan public who claim him as one of America's most promising painters, a dedicated explorer of the nonobjective world. Norman, they say, has cast off the moldy garments of realism. His painting is the pure act of creation—the moment itself, let us say, of fission.

The Pattern of Chaos

Norman does not look either fissioned or nonobjective. He is a pleasant-looking young man with regular

features and a taut figure, and his only eccentricities are a close-cropped head and a habit of wearing sneakers and blue jeans on all occasions. His air of barefoot boy probably won him his first and most faithful sponsor, a middle-aged widow of wealth whose home is lined with bright eruptions.

Let none mistake it: Norman works much harder than your five-year-old. Nothing is harder to pin down than chaos. Sometimes it takes Norman a whole month to paint a canvas like "Counter-tensions"—a splintering of grays on a yellow field that some foolish woman said "would make a lovely screen." Norman is used to Philistines; they are always with us.

Yet, oddly enough, this woman was not a Philistine. She recognized Norman's real talents, which are for color and for a kind of impulsive patterning that could indeed be used attractively in rugs or hangings or—God save poor Norman—chintzes. Believing that decoration was primarily design without content, she recognized in Norman's painting the presence of the first and the absence of the second.

But, as you say, is not Norman painting his vision of himself? Is that not content? What more do you ask than the examination of the creative soul? You ask, possibly, that the soul be truly creative. You ask whether the expression of self is a creative act if that self is as confused, immature, untrained, and intolerant as Norman's.

For Norman is a young man who rejects the past, hides from the present, and ignores the future. He does all this by a total preoccupation with self, an object so compelling that he has never seen beyond it to the shape of a leaf, the curve of a woman's neck, the feathering of cirrus.

TO WHOM is this soul of Norman attractive? What sort of people admire, buy, and live with his explosions? Well, there are the priestesses of the nonobjective cult, intense and dedicated, who have abandoned the banal, "natural" world for the angular white temples of their homes and conversation that is a litany of abstractions. There are the angrily rebellious young who share Norman's impatience with the past and get a bang from the shock waves of his color. There are the men and women who think they see in his jig saws their own fragmented souls. And there are of course the critics and the dealers, who know that in a time when people are not sure what they want or believe, paintings like Norman's can be praised and sold.

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The Courage and Common Sense Of Elmer Davis

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

BUT WE WERE BORN FREE, by Elmer Davis. *Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.*

COURAGE and common sense are the distinguishing characteristics of Elmer Davis, and of this fine book of essays which remind us that . . . *We Were Born Free.* We are, all of us, assailed day after day by loud-mouthed superpatriots, by Minute Women of This and Volunteers for That, and dozens of other organizations that arrogate to themselves responsibility for preserving the Constitution and the "American way of life." There is some danger that these "summer soldiers" in the war against Communism may frighten and intimidate the real champions of freedom; there is a greater danger, perhaps, that they will simply wear them down and out.

WHAT IS the cause of this ferment of fear, this near hysteria? What explains the upsurge of panic, of irrationalism, of hatred? It is after all a sobering fact that this disease should spread so widely at a time when we might have expected immunity from such infections. For how does it happen that so many Americans are consumed with fear at a time when our rich and powerful country is fresh from the greatest victory that it or any modern nation has known? How does it happen that so many of us harbor the deepest misgivings about our allies and associates just at a time when we stand at the head of the greatest and most successful alliance in history? How does it happen that we are tempted to withdraw into our own shell—tempted even to weaken our ability to conduct a foreign policy at all—just at a time when we have been thrust into the center of world power and have taken on responsibilities that we cannot possibly evade or avoid? How does it happen that we are consumed with fear of the intellectuals at a time when the proportion of our college-bred population is larger than ever before, larger than comparable groups in Britain or Scandinavia or Switzerland, nations happily immune from our suspicions and dissensions?

Today's Burdens

There are paradoxes here, and it is not easy to resolve them. If it is difficult to find extenuating circumstances, it is not difficult to find at least partial explanations. First, we must remember, we are suffering from over-rapid growth. We have taken on what seems like too much, what is indeed too much; we have been asked to bear burdens not greater than we can bear but greater, so many of us think, than we should be asked to bear.

It took the English a century to learn to act as a world power; Germany, France, Russia, Italy, and Spain never learned. Suddenly we found ourselves thrust onto the very center of the world stage, implacably required to take on chief responsibility for war, then for peace, then for rearming the West. This was asking more than had been asked of any other people in so short a time. It is no wonder that many Americans, even upright and virtuous Americans, reacted convulsively to these demands.

The hatemongers of our day speak in voices that are strident and raucous; what they say has a peculiar ugliness because most of them are well-groomed, respectable, and self-satisfied members of our society. The upsurge of hatred and fear in our own day differs in this marked way from similar outbreaks of other days —that it comes from the upper- rather than from the lower-income groups. It is not, now, the oppressed workers, the downtrodden farmers, the starving intellectuals who are joined in desperate revolt. Quite the contrary. It is the well padded, the well heeled, the respectables, who spearhead the present movement for suppression and persecution; it is the middle-class reactionaries who are the revolutionists.

Not only is there a reversal of social and intellectual backgrounds, but of argument as well. For the paradox of middle-class revolution extends to philosophy and to the very language that is employed. Almost everything has been turned inside out and upside down. Now it is unconstitutional to invoke the Constitution; now it is un-American to emulate the example of Founding Fathers like Jefferson or Franklin. Now it is not the function of colleges to disturb the minds of the young, but to put them to sleep. Now it is not the function of the churches to agitate moral issues.

The readiness of so many editors, churchmen, and educators to accept or to tolerate McCarthyism raises this question. We have had rabble rousers before, men who appealed to the mob spirit and the lynching instinct, but never before have such men operated on the highest level, so to speak, or with the support of one of the major parties; never before have such men forced a national Administration into shabby competition. How after all explain the wide following, or at least tolerance, that the Senators from Wisconsin and Indiana and Nevada command? How explain our failure to reject reasoning that is so clearly spurious, to repudiate policies and programs so clearly designed to poison our society?

On Attempted Rape

On this matter Mr. Davis—who invariably uses words as instruments and not as obstructions to thought—has a good deal to say, and he says it with that dead-pan humor we have come to associate with his public remarks. Thus of the editorial verdict—or absence of verdict—on the controversy between McCarthy and James Wechsler of the New York *Post:* ". . . a number of highly reputable journalists had argued that, since McCarthy's attack had in fact failed to intimidate Wechsler, it was no attack . . . This amounts to saying that attempted rape is no crime if the girl is lucky enough to fight off her assailant." Or again, in a similar vein: ". . . Archbishop Cushing of Boston

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has said that 'despite any extremes, or mistakes . . . I don't believe anything has brought the evils and methods of Communism more to the attention of the American people than [McCarthy's] investigations.' This amounts to saying that nothing brings the danger of fire more to the attention of the public than turning in false alarms all over town."

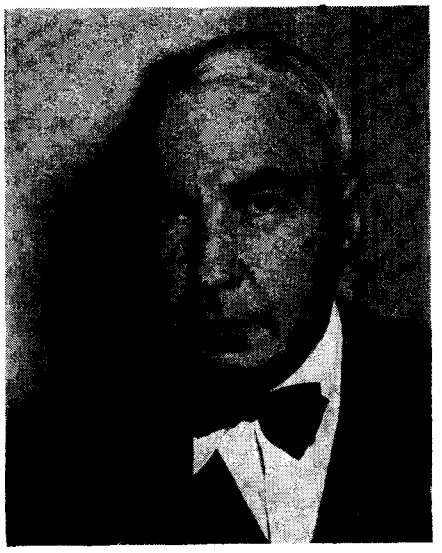
THE PRESS, Mr. Davis feels, has a heavy responsibility in all this. It is not so much that the press has failed as that it has allowed itself to be confused; it is not so much a failure of morality as a failure in selectivity. For—disregarding those newspapers which have notoriously betrayed their great function—in one sense journalism is the victim of its own standards of honesty and objectivity. Whatever a Congressman or an Attorney General says is news, and thus worth publishing on page one; even though it may be palpably false or illogical, it is not proper for a newspaper to point this out in its news columns—that would be "coloring" the news. Good papers point out inconsistencies or untruths on the editorial page—but who reads the editorial page? How many of those who read one day that Fort Monmouth is (so a Senator alleges) riddled with spies and traitors read the next day on the editorial page that it isn't so?

But the difficulty, it must be admitted, is deeper than this.

'Immeasurable Confidence'

What is under way is a corruption of the critical process, a corruption almost of the reasoning process. Why, after all, have the Canadians, the British, the Scandinavians—all of them sharing whatever danger we are exposed to—why have they somehow escaped the wave of fear and suspicion that threatens to inundate us? Why has the process gone so far here? The responsibility for this situation is widespread, and far from clear. Advertisers have much to answer for—they have taught us over the years to disregard the meaning of words. Educators have a heavy responsibility—they have failed to train the critical faculties. Politicians have a heavy responsibility—they have distracted our attention from the genuine to the meretricious.

And we are witnessing, too, one of those consequences of democracy which Tocqueville described over a century ago. In a democracy, he pointed out, the pressure for conformity must always be much stronger than in an aristocratic society, for here differences of appearance, of interest, of ideas all look like challenges to the accepted standards of the multitude. And in a democracy, too, the average man, the half-educated man, will not hesitate to arrogate to himself the function of critic and arbiter.



Wide World

Elmer Davis

Mr. Davis touches on this trait, and others, in his admirable essay "Improving on the Founding Fathers." It is not only Senator Bricker and his ill-starred proposed amendment that command Mr. Davis's attention, but others just as disorderly, including the absurd proposal to plunge the nation into perpetual emergency by writing into the Constitution a limitation on the income tax—except in time of national emergency. Backers of such amendments have two things in common: ignorance of American history and immeasurable confidence that their own judgment is sounder than the judgment of the Founding Fathers.

UNLIKE so many members of these wrecking crews, Mr. Davis has no pat solutions to our problems. The ultimate solutions, he knows, are to be found within us. They are moral and intellectual, not mechanical. And again and again he returns to what is the great theme of the book—courage. "Don't let them scare you," he writes. And yet even as he writes the words, he knows that they are not wholly adequate. For "they" can hurt you. Especially they can hurt the young, the man or woman just starting in life with responsibilities of family, with a career still to make. What is to be done to protect these people and to fight their battles?

Mr. Davis concludes on this note: It is one of the grandeurs of old age that the old—at least those who are reasonably secure—need no longer fear misfortune. They are beyond and above the hopes and fears and passions that assail the young. They can afford to be brave, they can afford to speak their own minds, they can afford to take risks. It is indeed the peculiar responsibility of those who have security—the security of age, the security of family and position, the security of wealth—that they take the risks. This is one of those elementary considerations which too few of those who enjoy security keep in mind.

MR. DAVIS himself did not wait until old age before showing independence and courage. He has always been independent; he has always spoken his mind—and what a mind! He has always confronted life with courage. It is a courage tempered with humor, with tolerance, with humility, but a courage that never fails.

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A Passionate Faith In the Great Whatever

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THIS I BELIEVE, written for and with a foreword by Edward R. Murrow. *Simon & Schuster. $1.* (Hard cover *$3.*)

IF ANYONE should ask for a modern demonstration of personal faith in action, we could point to no better example than Edward R. Murrow's courageous "See It Now" television program on March 9 about Senator McCarthy. Here was a man acting in spite of risk, here and now, for what he believes to be important. It would be far better, in fact, to point to Mr. Murrow's "See It Now" and to his CBS radio news programs than to another program of his that is supposed to deal with personal faith. When he acts, the faith is evident; when he and his guests talk about it, it becomes somewhat vague.

Mr. Murrow, perhaps the only man in history known to millions by his pronunciation of a single pronoun, intones his unmistakable "this" twice each weekday evening. At 7:45 Eastern Time, it's "This —is the news," to introduce his news program; earlier, at 5:55, it's "This —I believe," to introduce one of the "men and women in all walks of life" who then tell five minutes' worth of what they believe. Mr. Murrow's pronoun has the same ring of authority both times, but on the program "This I Believe" it is sometimes difficult to discover its referent. In the "personal philosophies" of his guests there seems to be plenty of "believe," and quite a bit of "I," but not very much "this."

On "This I Believe" nothing seems to be lacking of those qualities which give every program of Mr. Murrow's, and of CBS news, a special excellence; it is responsible, intelligent, interesting, varied, well edited, and well produced. Nothing is lacking, that is, except maybe—well, something to believe *in*.

This lack is not altogether Mr. Murrow's fault, for if people don't really have much to believe in, there isn't much he can do, except perhaps to suggest a few "words for today" left over from his other program. But part of the fault may lie in the format of the program, which seems to make even the exceptional credo that *is* definite come through as nothing more than the notions of one man.

The believers believe in believing, all right; they have faith in faith. They say, "I believe anyone

can find a faith that will serve his needs," and "I believe we can express these things only in religious faith," and "I believe I was quite fortunate to be brought up in a family where there was a very deep religious feeling." But mostly they seem much surer of the need for this believing than of the reality or goodness of any object of it. It is almost as though the only thing we have to believe in is Belief itself.

More Faith, You Folks Out There!

This view of faith as a detachable commodity often appears in the religion papers of contemporary college students, who are awe-struck at, say, the Christian Scientist or Quaker or Roman Catholic religions not at all because of their contents but simply because the adherents seem to have a great deal of faith. It turns up again in the public appeals for "more faith," appeals heard not only from such obviously pro-faith sources as pulpits but also from college administrators, magazine writers, and Presidents. The Communists have enormous amounts of faith in their fashion, the argument goes, and we in the free world don't have enough. Therefore, let us drum up some more faith.

"This I Believe" reflects this attitude in some of its credos, but much more in the very conception of the program. It is a reverent offering on the altar of Belief. The program has no sponsor but is presented by CBS as a "public service." The participants receive only a dollar, a record, a meal, a bit of publicity, and perhaps an inner glow. No one profits from the enterprise, and many have donated their efforts to its now far-flung missionary activities; the nonprofit corporation which has provided funds for the program has the edifying name of "Help, Inc." Over the whole operation there hovers just a touch of that earnest self-dedication and devotion to a good work which once were associated with a God or a religion —now appearing in behalf of Belief itself.

It all began in 1949 when Mr. Murrow, William Paley, his boss at CBS, and two advertising men had lunch together in Philadelphia. They fell to discussing the sorry plight of spiritual values. As might be expected from such company, the discussion led to an Idea, and, as might further be expected, the Idea has now "exploded" into the "most widely listened-to radio program in the world" over CBS, the BBC, Armed Forces Radio Service, and the Voice of America in six languages; the "explosion" spilled over into the classroom, into newspapers here and abroad, and into a best-selling book. So far does a little candle throw its beams in this naughty world of ours —if it has good connections in the mass media. The Idea was to have a number of men and women tell their "personal philosophies."

THESE MEN AND WOMEN ought by now to represent a pretty good sample of what we believe. So what

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do we believe in, aside from Belief itself, that is?

People, of course. Almost everybody believes in people, in human nature, in the good in all men everywhere in the world. This looks almost like dogma, especially with the Americans on the program. One said, "I believe in people, in sheer, unadulterated humanity." But beyond this, and for those who find their humanity a bit adulterated, what is there? Well, one credo offered this: "I take heart in the promising fact that the world contains food supplies sufficient for the entire earth population."

And then, occasionally, on the dim horizon, there appears that vague, oblong, and shifty being known to readers of college religion papers as the Great Whatever. This is that Thing with interchangeable names whose various aspects are said to be going up different roads on the same mountain, the One about Whom it is specially affirmed that He, or It, can be called by about any name that occurs to you: that Power, that Presence, that Supreme Being, that Life Force, that Great Artist, whom some call Nature and some call Inspiration and some call God . . . but whatever you call it, that's what we believe in.

Though it is a little hard to be definite about such a Being or Force, it has one unmistakable characteristic: It is "spiritual." Its manifestation in the world, which appears on "This I Believe" more often than the Great Whatever itself, is Spiritual Values. And the devil has a new name too: materialism.

Be Glad You're Poor!

If that devil can be exorcised by incantations, we should be pretty well free of him. The men at the Philadelphia luncheon, observing that "among people generally material values were gaining and spiritual values declining," conceived the program as an attempt to fight back for the latter. The guests have fought the good fight. "Material things," "possessions," "success," and "money" are repeatedly and specifically beaten, knocked down, and kicked in the teeth. One comes away with a sneaking sympathy for "material values." And perhaps with a suspicion that the speakers protest too much.

There may be a bit of irony in this eminently successful world-wide radio program, syndicated series, and book, and its men and women who, though "in all walks of life," yet are said in the introduction to the book to be "all successful in their chosen profession," and who include a high proportion of the wealthy, powerful, and famous, calling down to us from the heights they have attained that the important things are happiness, peace of mind, and the Golden Rule. The irony may increase when out of this surfeit of spiritual values there comes not a word challenging any part of the social order within which the much-depreciated material success has been achieved. Where in all this flood of "moral and spiritual values" is anything sturdy enough and critical enough and clear enough to lead to decisive acts like Mr. Murrow's recent program on McCarthy? On "This I Believe," the spiritual values, apparently, do not transform the world's values but just give a boost in attaining them, or add a frosting on top of them.

The Perpendicular Pronoun

And then there is "I." These are personal philosophies, with more person than philosophy. They focus on *my* belief and how *I* came to have it. They are filled with autobiographical anecdotes: about being the last man out of a burning plane, about a day *I* was bicycling alone in the country, about meeting Bernard Baruch, about what it has meant to *me* to come to America. Some of the items have been eloquent and moving, but more as narrative of personal experience than as belief. One listens to the program less to learn something about faith than to learn something about these interesting people. There are often references, with a touch of nostalgia, to a childhood church, and sometimes to present membership in a particular communion, but these are just more autobiographical detail.

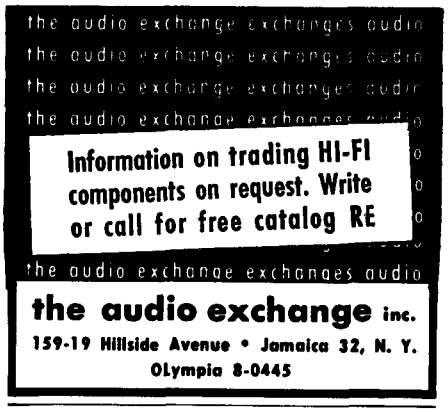
The original rules of the program ruled out atheists, clergymen, orthodox creedal statements, and controversial social and political material. On reading this list one may feel that it pretty well eliminates every lively belief there is to be found in American society.

And why were these proscribed? Atheists, who are now acceptable, were ruled out at the beginning presumably because they did not have a sufficient respect for spiritual values; clergymen perhaps because, being paid to believe their beliefs, they did not have truly personal ones; orthodox historic faiths presumably because when many people believe the same thing and tell each other about it, the resulting belief is not really personal.

We often seem now to say that the belief I get from a community isn't really mine, and that the more unique and special to me a "belief" is, the better it is. In this sense our belief now is personal: private, separate, individual.

In another way our belief isn't very personal. On "This I Believe" a man usually does not confess the struggle on his soul but presents a neat and finished product, sometimes with an overtone of bragging, about how he learned to love people. Of course, since these men and women are said to be "successful . . . in their adjustment to life and living," maybe they don't have any struggles, but at least they must have some ethical and political dilemmas. The ruling out of controversial social material cuts away the chief area in which, in a nonreligious age, our beliefs really are exposed.

Many of the believers write almost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as reporters, looking on from outside, writing human-interest stories about themselves. The blind man tells of his blindness, the taxi driver talks about taxi driving, the cosmetics manufacturer about his business success, the umpire about baseball, as though the labels we give each other—blind man, taxi driver, umpire—penetrated to the very heart of a man's own understanding of himself. The incidents and accidents of life and, even more, the functions we perform in society become the very definition of the "I."

IF THE MEN at the Philadelphia luncheon are right, and material values are the enemy against which we must build up spiritual values by personal testimonials, then maybe their idea will help. But perhaps the enemy is not so much material values as mistaken spiritual ones. What if we already have a plentiful store of disembodied beliefs, and of ideals detached from concrete decisions? What if our beliefs are already too private, with no center higher than themselves, no relation to a historic community, and therefore no power to affect the selves that cook them up? Then maybe "This I Believe" is more a symptom of the disease than a cure.

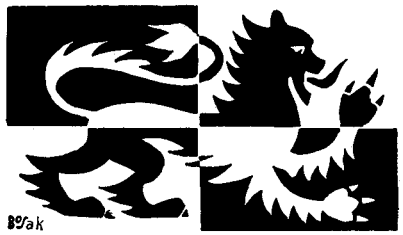
Anyway, it is good to tune in at 7:45 to hear Mr. Murrow's analysis of the news. We are then sure that a person is talking, and his "this" then refers to an unmistakable reality.

BOOK NOTES

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS, by Ewen Montagu. *Lippincott. $2.75.*

THERE MUST have been some stiff fights within British Intelligence circles before this detailed account of their greatest hoax of the Second World War was released for publication. It probably never would have been released if the late Sir Alfred Duff Cooper had not used it in fictional form for his book *Operation Heartbreak,* published three years ago. For although the body of the fabricated Major of the Royal Marines was washed up on the Spanish coast eleven years ago and the resulting deception of the German High Command long since established, the British (unlike us) have such a deep sense of security that secret operations remain secret indefinitely. Their agents do not write "I" books; their bags of tricks are kept in a locker and not photographed for *Life* or sold to the *Saturday Evening Post.* There is still a difference between the assumed knowledge of a "trick" and printed documentation of it as in this fascinating account by an instigator, Montagu.

Certainly it is a great tribute to the imaginativeness and daring of the British, from the chief who approved the outrageous project to the secretary who wrote the letters of "Captain Martin's" "fiancée" and the submarine captain who launched the corpse off Huelva. The briefcase full of letters, personal and official, clutched in a dead hand persuaded the Germans that the Allies would invade Greece and Sardinia instead of Sicily and made them change their plans accordingly. They believed, in



short, in a man who literally had never existed.

In his foreword, Montagu defends the story's publication on the grounds that the fictional story and references in German memoirs made further maintenance of secrecy impossible, and that accounts by partially informed writers could do more damage than this official recital. But from now on, surely, all letters of import found on an enemy corpse will be wholly suspect, and there might be times when that would be unfortunate. The trick will never work again.

●

COMPANY MANNERS, by Louis Kronenberger. *Bobbs-Merrill. $3.*

ATTEMPTS to psychoanalyze an entire national culture are almost always absurd. And yet what would we do for conversation if we couldn't talk about "the trouble with young people today," "the general trend of the modern novel," or "what television has done to the American home"?

Indeed, one comes away from Mr. Kronenberger's book with the stunned but slightly suspicious feeling of having been utterly defeated in debate with an opinionated but brilliant conversationalist – stunned by the truth to be seen in the wit, suspicious because what has been said so wittily cannot be entirely true.

BUT JUDGE for yourself. One of the many things Mr. Kronenberger deplores is the middlebrow American's practice of smugly rejecting the third-rate in art only to embrace, with grateful and uplifted spirit, the second-rate:

"Sheer vulgarity quickly stands self-condemned, hence tends quickly to correct itself. . . . The most insidious aspect of vulgarity, I would think, concerns not those to whom its appeal is obvious and immediate, but those, rather, whom it gradually and imperceptibly manages to win over, those who in the beginning are partly superior to it and who only by habituation sink to its level. A vulgarity that can thus contaminate won't often, it seems clear, be of a primitive or glaring sort; it will be, rather, a worm in the apple, a sort of Greek bearing gifts. In the world of art, such vulgarity may boast that it does far more good than it does harm, that it makes many people respond to what they might otherwise pass by. I'm not speaking of the out-and-out popularization, but rather of such things as the movie version of *Henry V* or Stokowski's arrangements of Bach—of things offered under the auspices of culture and aimed at reasonably cultured people. This form of vulgarization will by no means altogether misrepresent or even too greatly discolor. And though a severe taste may resist or reject it at once, a fairly sensitive taste—what I suppose is most conveniently called a middlebrow taste that, if left alone, might come to appreciate Bach or Shakespeare 'neat'—will not resist or reject the adulteration, will soon, in fact, come to prefer and eventually to require it."

Mr. Kronenberger also says that the art of conversation is dead in America. But before agreeing with that argument, one would like to spend an evening with Mr. Kronenberger.

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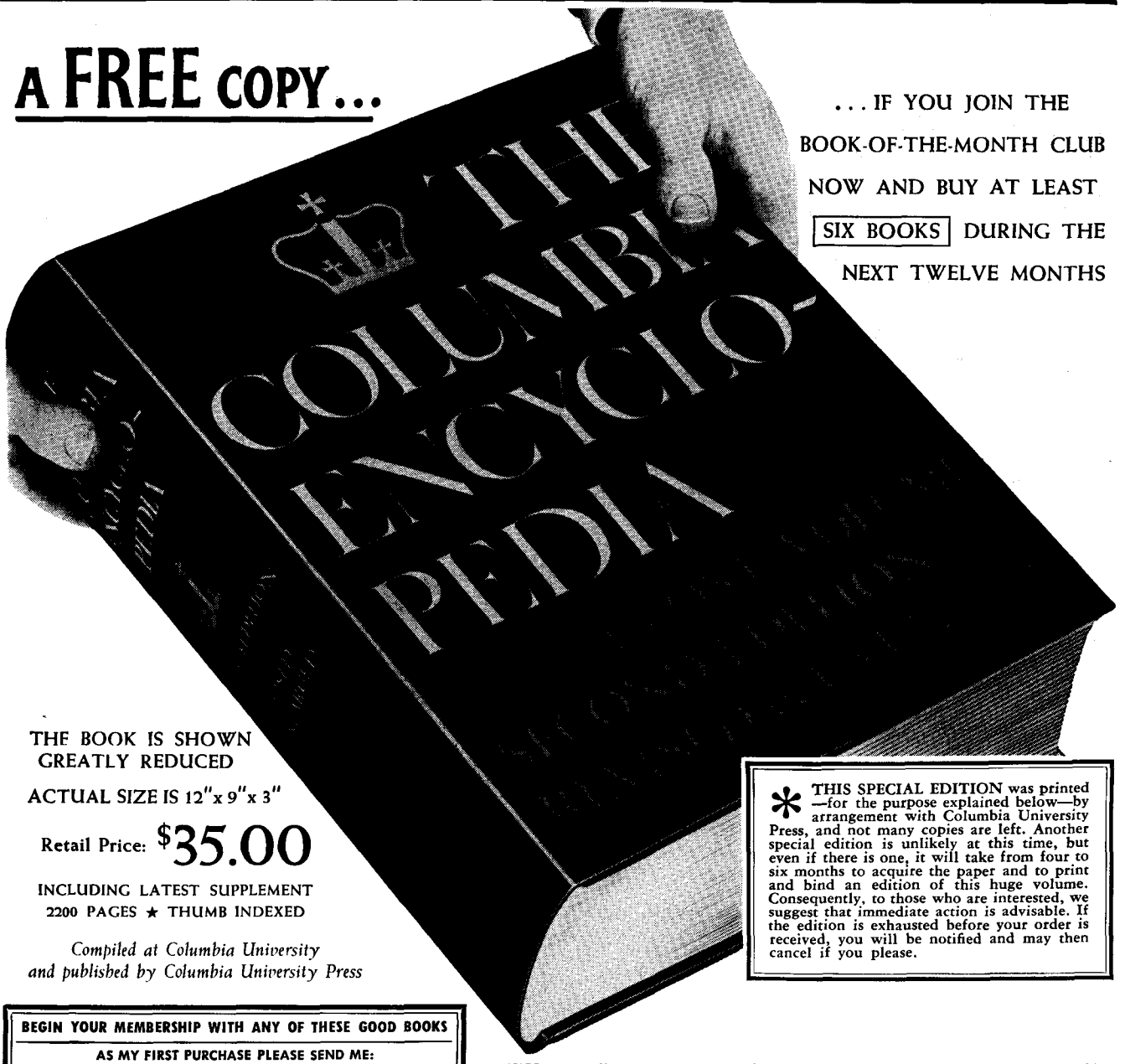

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